

REFLECTING the MAGIC

of HOLLYWOOD

Silver Screen

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MAGAZINE

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See Page 20



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Dark, long-appearing, luxuriant, sweeping lashes. What a difference they do make! They transform eyes into brilliant, flashing, bewitching pools of alluring loveliness—wonderfully expressive.

But such lashes seldom come by birthright. They must be acquired. The NEW Maybelline gives the desired natural effect instantly. With perfect ease too, and without smarting the eyes or smearing. It's tear-proof. Moreover, its continued use tends to

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THE SWEETHEARTS BEYOND COMPARE!



Supreme stars in the realm of romance, ruling by right of the joy they bring you, are now destined to triumph once more in a picture aglow with youth.

JANET
GAYNOR
CHARLES
FARRELL
IN **Rebecca of
Sunnybrook Farm**

Directed by ALFRED SANTELL

From the play by KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN and CHARLOTTE THOMPSON
Screen Play by S. N. BEHRMAN and SONYA LEVIEN

FOX

SILVER SCREEN for MAY 1932

The OPENING CHORUS

JIMMY DURANTE goes around these days busily denying all rumors that he and Garbo are "that way" about each other. She's only a "passing fancy," declares Jimmy, "whatever Garbo may keep saying."

oo oo

AFTER all the little prairie towns had shown "Mata Hari" then Hollywood decided to have a gala opening. That's Hollywood for you—six months behind or six months ahead. It opened at Sid Grauman's Chinese Theatre, and that master showman topped it off with a gorgeous and elaborate prologue that was something to write home about. Among the celebrities there were Tallulah Bankhead looking simply ravishing in white satin, and escorted by Adrian, the coutourier of M-G-M. This marked Tallulah's first public appearance in Hollywood. Norma Shearer looked striking in her new head-dress which she is using in "The Strange Interlude." Of course Irving Thalberg was with her. Ginger Rogers came with Mervyn Le Roy, Marian Nixon with Eddie Hillman, Marlene Dietrich with Joseph von Sternberg, Marian Marsh with her handsome young brother, Sylvia Sidney with one of her numerous beaux, Lionel Barrymore with the Missus—and so on into the night.

It was advertised that Garbo would appear but the betting was six to one that she wouldn't. She didn't. However, she slipped into the matinee performance the next day and was recognized by no one except Sid Grauman, who saw her as she was leaving. "When are you coming to one of my premieres?" Sid asked her. But the Garbo only smiled. Well, that's something.

oo oo

WOULD you believe that the gifted Harpo Marx doesn't know a note of music? They're just a lot of little birds sitting on a wire fence to him. But just the same he can twang off original compositions on his harp that bring tears to hardened old eyes. The other evening at a party he was amusing himself with a few chords when a dear old dowager approached him, her voice and three chins quivering with emotion. "Dear Mr. Marx," she gurgled ecstatically, "what was the name of the piece you just played?" "It hasn't any name," Harpo assured her sadly.

"Oh, it must have a name," the music lover insisted.

"All right, then," Harpo said amiably, "call it Elmer."

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

MAY 1932

VOLUME TWO
NUMBER SEVEN

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

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COVER PORTRAIT OF CAROLE LOMBARD BY A. D. NEVILLE

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great achievement

1927 The BIG PARADE

1928 BEN HUR

1929 ^{The} BROADWAY MELODY

1930 The BIG HOUSE

1931 TRADER HORN

And in 1932

**the eyes of the world are again on
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**

FOR THE SUPREME THRILL OF
THE MOTION PICTURE SCREEN

THE WET PARADE

A
giant romance
of our times
based on the
SENSATIONAL
NOVEL

by UPTON
SINCLAIR

He dared to tell the
truth—sensationally,
dramatically—in one
of the greatest stories
ever written for the
American Screen.



with **Walter HUSTON**

Dorothy JORDAN • Lewis STONE

Neil HAMILTON • Myrna LOY • Wallace FORD

John MILJAN • Virginia BRUCE



HOW TO REDUCE

*The Secret Way
to a Man's Heart
is Food; not His,
Yours!*

By

MARY LEE

You can't say that Anita Page is not getting somewhere with her rowing

YOU gotta bend down, Sister, bend down, Sister—if you want to get thin! That's the truest thing you ever heard even if it is the name of a popular song. It's the bend that stretches the muscles and breaks up fat cells. It's the bend that makes your muscles work to pull you up straight again.

Have the figure you want! Just bend it into shape. Don't envy Joan Crawford's slim waist—have one of your own. Just bend down, Sister, bend down, Sister. That's how Joan got hers. Will I be pulling the wrath of the Crawford fans down on my head if I remind you of Joan's plumpness several years ago. She was getting noticeably larger around the waist, too—'member?

An increasing waist-line bodes evil for the career of the screen beauties. The stars get rid of excess fat in a hurry. And if they can, so can you! The only difference is that it's bread and butter to them—so they work harder at reducing than you are willing to.

If you would spend less time sighing and hoping and more time exercising, you could "figure up" in no time. Why don't you make a game of it? All you need is a calendar, a pencil, scales and a lot of will-power.

Weigh yourself every morning, first thing, mark it on the calendar. Then you will have an accurate check on daily results. This is the only way you can tell just exactly what you are doing.

Never forget that a lemon a day keeps the pounds away. Take the juice of a lemon in hot water every morning of your life—with NO sugar! That not only cuts into the fat but it cleans and alkalizes your system—all of which gives you pep. Pin your faith on

lemons and you can't go wrong. Use lemon instead of vinegar for salad dressing. Vinegar is acid—lemons are alkaline in their final effect on your body.

Drink your lemon water first thing every morning and then start in exercising. Loosen up your body thoroughly before you really start to work. Stretch all over. Stretch your legs out pointing your toes like a dancer. Reach up over your head with your hands as high as possible—then lean from side to side as far as you can. Lean each way ten times—arms still overhead. Now bend forward, way down, Sister, if you want to get thin. Stretch down as far as you can reach. While you are all bent over like a hairpin, swing your body from the waist around each way, stretching your arms out as far as they'll go.

No, that isn't a pillow in your stomach that feels so unnecessary when you are doubled over. That's just plain fat in the wrong place.

All right now, stand up and relax. Ready—over again—bend way down—now swing from the waist. Stand up. Relax. Repeat this exercise ten times.

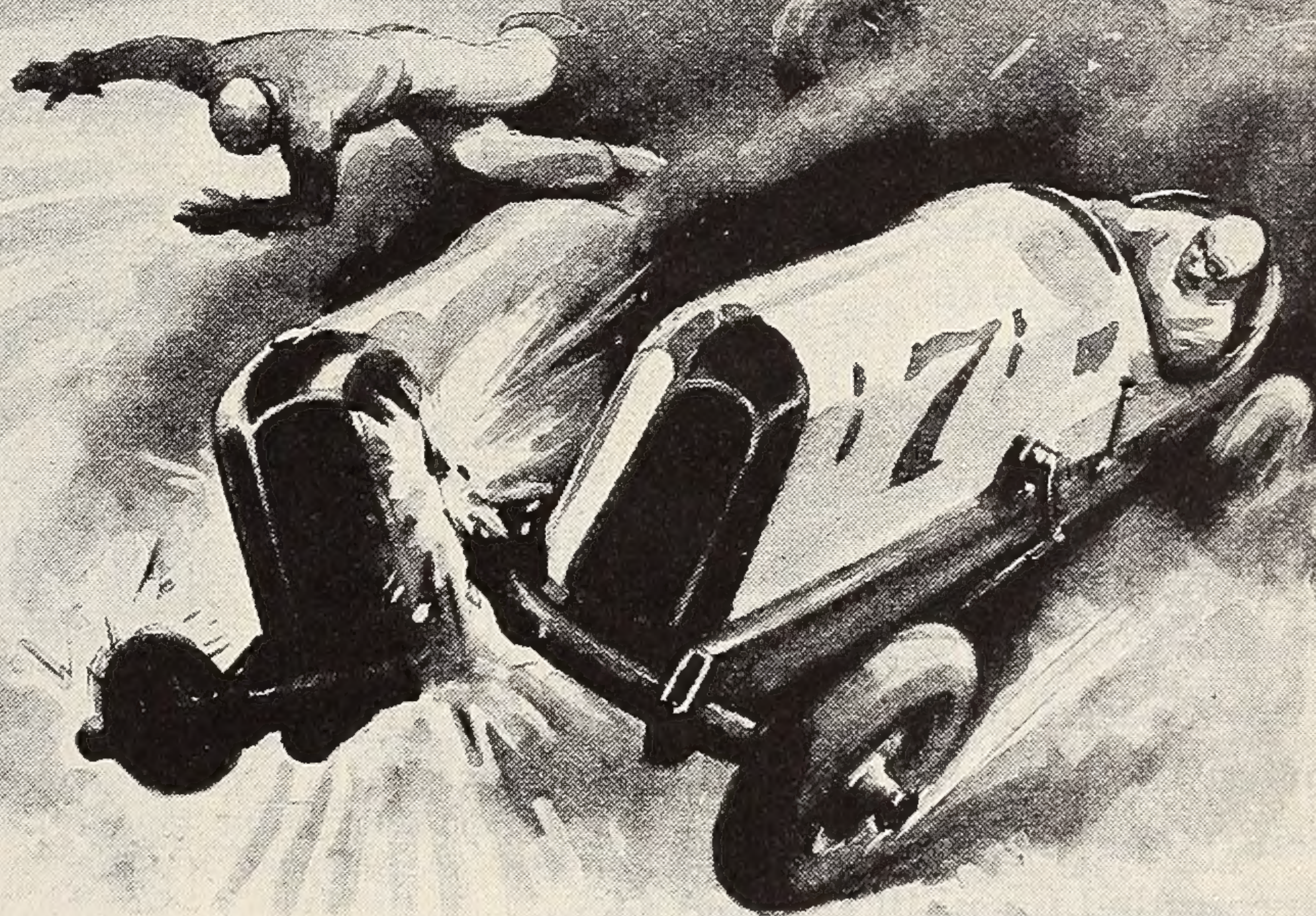
Now, don't tell me that this works up an appetite for a farm-hand's breakfast. Of course it does, at first. But let's fool the appetite. The best substitutes for food are water [Continued on page 58]

POSTAGE STAMP BEAUTY

If you're trying to get slim (or stay that way), if you want clearer skin, or lovelier hair, or brighter eyes or a more becoming make-up, just add a two-cent stamp to a self-addressed envelope, tell Mary Lee your troubles and she'll send you her personal advice. Address Miss Mary Lee, SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th St., New York

THE **CROWD ROARS**

It's a matter of
LIFE and DEATH!



Starring

James **CAGNEY**
Joan **BLONDELL**

with

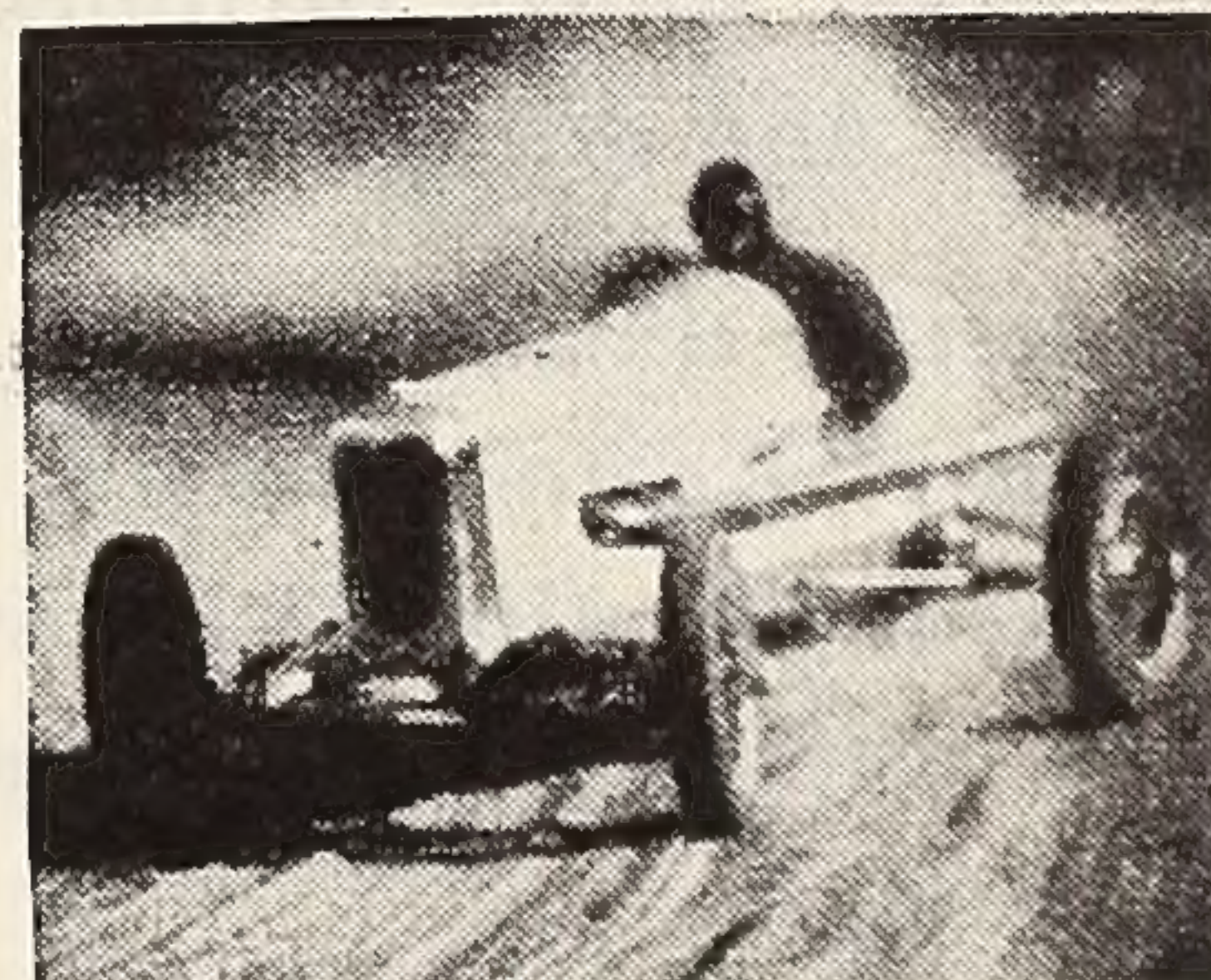
ANN DVORAK
ERIC LINDEN
GUY KIBBEE

Story by
Howard Hawks and
Seton I. Miller

Dialogue by
Glasmon and Bright

Direction by
HOWARD HAWKS
of "Dawn Patrol" fame

Speed demons with goggled eyes glued on glory... Grinning at death... laughing at love!... Breaking necks to break records—while the Crowd Roars—FOR BLOOD!... Never—never—never has the screen shown such nerve-racking ACTION—lifted right off the track of the world's greatest speedway! It's the thrill epic of all time—the talk of every town that's seen it... Forty men risked death to film it. Miss it at your own risk!



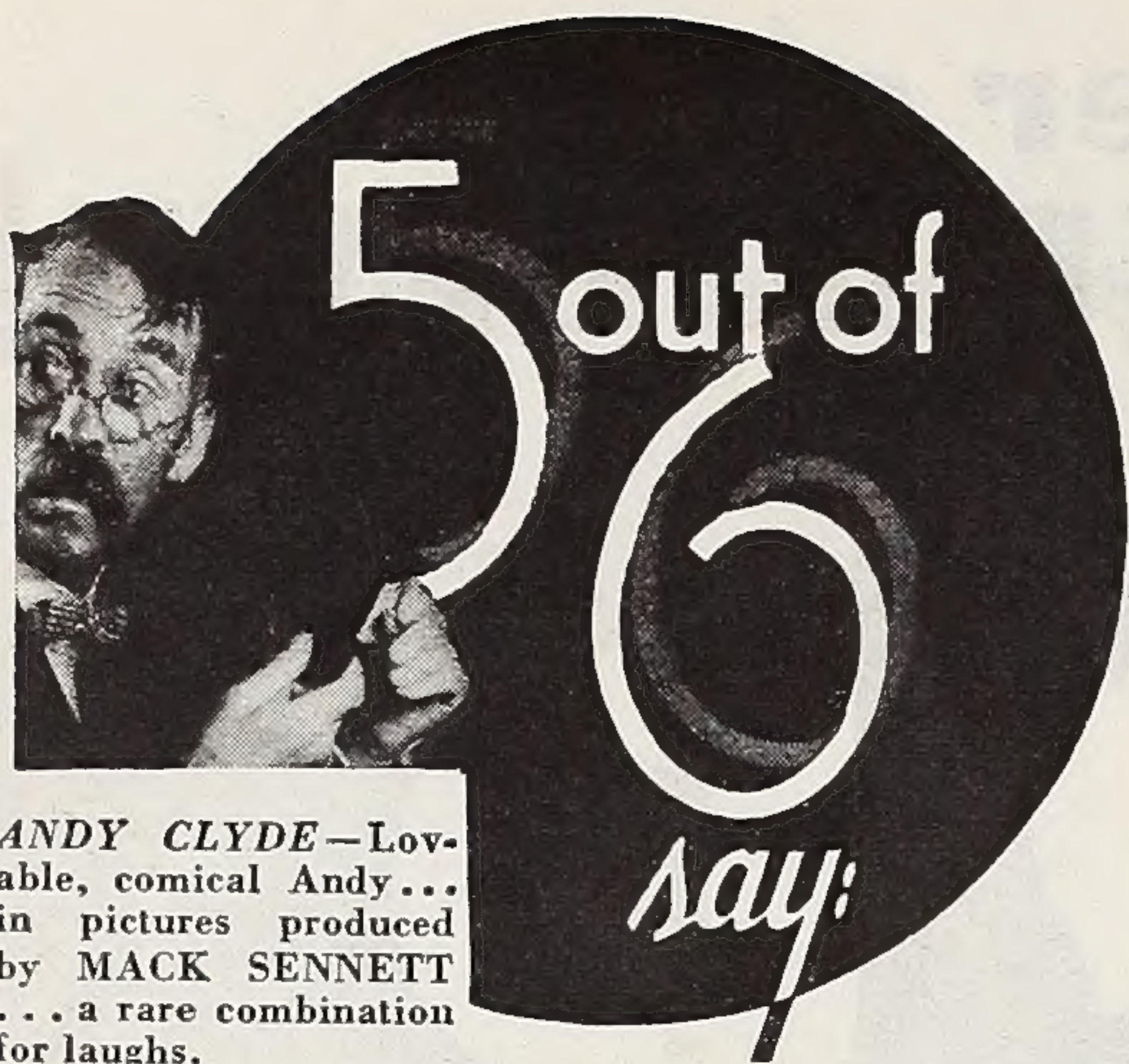
12 of the world's greatest race drivers in the most thrilling action pictures ever shown!



She fought for her man—
with every trick love knows!

THE HIT of the YEAR - FROM WARNER BROS.

for MAY 1932



ANDY CLYDE—Lov-
able, comical Andy...
in pictures produced
by MACK SENNETT
... a rare combination
for laughs.
Don't miss "HEAVENS,
MY HUSBAND!"

*"Variety
makes the best picture
entertainment"*

THE Chicago
Daily Times "In-
quiring Reporter"
recently asked six
persons selected at
random from street
crowds if they liked
"double feature"
programs in picture
theatres. Five out of
six said they pre-
ferred *variety*.

Of course. The *perfect program* is
always based on the principle of
variety and diversified entertain-
ment. One good feature picture,
surrounded by a bill selected from
news reels, cartoons, travel ro-
mances, sports thrillers and nov-
elties. *And always a good comedy!*

At better theatres—on *perfect pro-
grams*—Educational's comedies
provide the stimulating variety that
guarantees the best entertainment
for you.



HARRY BARRIS—Another
popular radio star brought to the
screen by Educational. This piano
wizard and composer plays and
sings his popular hits for you in
AL CHRISTIE'S VANITY
COMEDIES.



EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President
Executive offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

LOVE and HISSES

MORE letters this month than ever before—probably the
depression. It takes hard times to stimulate the mind.
Garbo and Novarro as a team won great popularity. And oh,
the hisses for "Private Lives," but Shearer and Montgomery
came through unscathed. Marlene Dietrich letters are begin-
ning to arrive and she seems doomed forever to be compared
with somebody else.

Buckle on your fountain pen—up and at 'em. Send in your
letters, both peans of praise and ponderous denunciations to
Love and Hisses Editor, SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th St.,
N. Y. There are three prizes for letters not longer than 200
words. \$15 for first prize, \$10 for second prize and \$5 for third.

THEY LAUGH AT LOVE!

FIRST PRIZE LETTER

Danbury, Conn.
ONE of the most diffi-
cult things, it seems
to me, to put across suc-
cessfully on the screen
is the love scene, espe-
cially when dialogue is
used.

If it is the least bit overdone, no matter
how the director and actors have labored
to make it convincing, it provokes nothing
but laughter from the audience.

Recently, at a showing of "Dr. Jekyll and
Mr. Hyde," during the scene in which Rose
Hobart rocked Fredric March's head to and
fro in her lap, although it was clearly meant
to be serious and even tragic, the entire
audience was roaring with merriment.

Directors, usually so attentive to even the
slightest details, ought to be particularly
careful about love scenes, if they do not
want them to be taken in a spirit of bur-
lesque.

Edward T. McNamara

HE TAKES BACK HIS VOWS

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

Cleveland, Ohio
I'VE had the wrong im-
pression about the
blondes of the screen. I
used to compare blondes
to gold, hard, cold and
unattainable or in other
words, a little stuck-up

or aloof. But now I know!

A personal appearance of Jean Harlow
(at the Loew's State Theatre) which I was
fortunate to attend, changed my ideas thor-
oughly.

I expected to find her haughty and high-
hatting like some of the other well-known
actresses. But boy, she turned out to be a
regular kid, cheerful, friendly and all the
rest it takes to go with these two things.

So thanks to Jean Harlow, I apologize
to the blonde sisters of the screen.

F. A. Kirkpatrick

WINNING COMBINATIONS!

THIRD PRIZE LETTER

Joliet, Ill.
THIS letter concerns
the teaming of movie
stars.

Of course we fans like
the stars to team. Surely,
for we all enjoy the
sweetness of Janet Gay-
nor with Charles Farrell and the cleverness
of Robert Montgomery along with Norma
Shearer.

But—that does not go for all the stars.
Just think what lovers and critics of the
silver screen would have missed if Ramon
Novarro and Greta Garbo had not appeared
opposite each other in that splendid picture
"Mata Hari," for the mere reason that he
or she teamed well with another star.

So, I say—it's perfectly O. K. for stars to
team, but they should change partners
often.

Also, I honestly think that famous stars
should be co-starred. After all, doesn't the
result meet with satisfaction?

Now, how about Joan Crawford with
Ramon Novarro?
Mitzi Cervell

YOU MEAN "APPARENT" SINCERITY

Indianapolis, Ind.

THERE are two things a writer must have
to succeed. One is an IDEA; the other is
SINCERITY. You cannot write something
without an idea and you cannot express it
effectively without sincerity. And what has
this to do with movies?

Well, just this: When I run low on ideas,
I always try to see a good movie; something
starring Constance Bennett, Norma Shearer,
Joan Crawford, or some other film favorite.
When I want to *see* the value of sincerity—
as well as read about it—I see it portrayed
on the screen. For screen stars, as you
know, can no more succeed without this
quality than can anyone who writes.

The natural stimulation of the mind,
upon viewing a sincere screen portrayal,
starts the flow of ideas. The mind, as well
as the body, needs exercise and stimulation.
"Mind Rhythm" is just as necessary to a
writer as bodily rhythm is to a professional
dancer.

There is nothing better than the movies
to provide new ideas, inspiration, and
"mind rhythm;" to kindle and rekindle that
most vital element that must shine forth
from every production of the writer's pen—
the quality of sincerity.

Katherine Maurine Haaff

PAGING JOHN GILBERT

Corinth, Miss.

AND they say John Gilbert can't come
back! I have never enjoyed a picture
more than I did "West of Broadway." His
work in that picture was wonderful. His
low deep voice has a way of going over
when he smiles and one of his smiles makes
one completely forget Gable or Howard.

Why can't Gilbert be given a few good
parts in pictures? Parts to make us see the
finer things in life, a good refreshing pic-
ture. I am fed up on gangster and trial
pictures.

Again let me say: More of John Gilbert
in better and greater pictures.

Mabel Ramsey Farris

UNHEALTHY LOCALITY

Marshfield, Mass.

THIS idea of having music playing during
the run of a talking picture supplies
something that I have missed very much. It
is not that I listen to the music, but if there
isn't any sound going on between speeches,
some one over in the corner breaks into
pneumonia or something and before the
Smith Brothers have done their work my
mind "On golden galleons floating" returns
with a bump to the movie house at the
corner of Melrose Avenue and South Front
Street to curse out the low scoundrel with
the cough.

Minnie Frederic

SILVER SCREEN

LEW AYRES

and

**MAE
CLARKE**

**“IMPATIENT
MAIDEN”**

She couldn't wait for life to unfold its secrets. She was determined to dig them out for herself. My! How her eyes were opened when she met the real man.

**Directed by
JAMES WHALE**

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

CARL LAEMMLE • PRESIDENT

for MAY 1932

TALKIES in TABLOID

EACH word in these brief reviews is a channel buoy to guide you to the haven of the movies



Dickie Moore and Elaine Von are beginning young in "Disorderly Conduct"

ARROWSMITH Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes are excellent in this film of Sinclair Lewis' book. There is fine drama in the scientist's research work; also in his great love for his wife who is generally second in the day's thought—although first in his heart.

ARSENE LUPIN The brothers Barrymore run through this with masterly ease, Lionel as the French police head and John as the celebrated crook. Karen Morley is a charming foil—you'll be seeing her. It is excellent entertainment.

BROKEN LULLABY Phillips Holmes has the part of the morbid French youth who kills a German boy during the war. Later he goes to the dead boy's home on a pilgrimage of sorrow, and is met with the added agony of falling in love with the boy's fiancée. Lionel Barrymore is beyond comparison as the German father and Nancy Carroll does well as the fiancée. The direction is Lubitch at his best.

CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE Warner Oland once again plays the bland Chinese detective in this murder mystery which is cut on the familiar pattern. Marian Nixon's talent and gentle beauty affords him excellent inspiration, and Scotland Yard aids him in bringing the villain to justice.

COCK OF THE AIR There are occasional moments of delightful humor in this but there is more lavishness than laughter. Howard Hughes made the pic-

ture in his usual luxurious manner and Billie Dove's beauty adds further grace. Chester Morris is fine as the man who can't resist her.

DANCE TEAM James Dunn is delightful when he brags and boasts of his future, and Sally Eilers, his partner, believes in him implicitly. They get successful and for a while their good luck goes to their heads and they don't like each other, and we even things up by not liking them. In the end they regain their original vibrant charm.

DELICIOUS Again the very successful team of Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor is together. Following an ancient plot, they become separated at the boat. The little girl pursued by immigration officials is Janet in her most delightful mood, while Charles Farrell as the millionaire polo player scores. Coincidences end in kisses. A very pretty piece.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE Fredric March establishes a new type of character analysis in his delineation of the beastly Hyde. There is a fine dramatic touch when Dr. Jekyll can no longer control the metamorphosis. As the pathetic victim of Hyde's viciousness, Miriam Hopkins contributes a marvelous performance.

FORBIDDEN Barbara Stanwyck has a tough time in this film in which she loves Adolphe Menjou—the man of charm—for Adolphe is married. The years pass. Barbara becomes a newspaper woman, patiently adored by her editor, Ralph Bellamy, but she remains true to Adolphe, who is now Governor. The principals all grow middle-aged but still keep on loving. However, there is a tragic ending.

HELL DIVERS The air-minded will enjoy this Wallace Beery picture, and if women still enjoy he-men on the screen, Clark Gable and John Miljan are here to cheer them. The air scenes are thrilling. Altogether it is one of the most compelling of recent films.

HIGH PRESSURE A smoothly running tale built on "big business," with Bill Powell as a promoter with lots of enthusiasm and energy. At first, Bill, as a drunk, is the screen's finest argument for temperance. He gives a singularly amusing performance, and Evelyn Brent is engagingly sincere as the girl who believes in him.

LOVERS COURAGEOUS This is not exactly what a good depression howler should see, for the hero's play doesn't sell and he grows poorer and poorer. Robert Montgomery lends a cultural quality to the film and lifts the dialogue to a fine witty level. Madge Evans is charming as his sweetheart, and the very English Frederick Lonsdale is responsible for the story.

NO ONE MAN Carole Lombard makes a very alluring society girl who cannot seem to make up her own mind when love is in the offing. It's a case of on again, off again—first with Ricardo Cortez, then with Paul Lukas. She finally marries Ricardo, but just to simplify matters he dies and she then marries Lukas.

THE RAINBOW TRAIL This picture is a throw-back to the old days when the silents were the rage. There is little dialogue. The scenery is gorgeous and

[Continued on page 56]

DON'T MISS THIS TRAIN!

SHANGHAI EXPRESS

Stands alone this month among the serious screen dramas. Marlene Dietrich looks beautiful without a knee cap showing—a fascinating picture.

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!

Joe E. Brown, the great gargoyle of humor. Good, too!



"YOU'LL NEVER LEARN!"
my teacher cried ...

Yet a short time later she was amazed at the progress I had made **BY MYSELF** this easy home-study way

FOR MONTHS I had been taking lessons from a private teacher, progressing slowly but surely to a time when I would be able to play—be able to get the musical good times I craved.

And then—because of business I had to move to a small town where there was no music teacher. I was in despair. All of the long weary hours I had spent practicing—to say nothing of the money—were in vain. My chances for ever learning to play were shattered, I thought. It might be years before I could take lessons again, and then it would be too late. My teacher too was sorry to see my musical advancement so abruptly stopped.

And then, while looking through a magazine, I saw an advertisement for the U. S. School of Music which claimed that learning to play by their method—in my own home—without a private teacher—was actually as easy as A-B-C. They offered to prove it by a free demonstration lesson.

I could scarcely believe it, and I showed my teacher the ad.

"You'll never learn," she cried. "You'll only waste your money. No one can learn to play that way."

But I was desperate when I realized that my chances for musical good times would be over. I decided to investigate the course. When the free demonstration lesson came, it was a revelation to me. I saw at once that my teacher had been wrong, for here, at last, was a method of learning to play right in your own home—with no outside aid—and in less than half the usual time. It was actually as easy as A-B-C. I sent for the course at once.

These fascinating lessons were like a game. Everything was right before me, notes, pictures, text, everything I needed. Almost before I knew it I was playing real tunes, right from the notes.

Several months later I was at a week-end party in my old town. My teacher was a guest at the party also. When she asked me how I was getting along, I told her that I could

now play most popular music, as well as some classical pieces.

She laughed. "You'll have to prove that to me, Bill."

"All right," I said, "I'll do just that." I got up, walked across the room and sat down at the piano.

"What does Bill think he's going to do?" someone asked.

"It's just his little joke," laughed my teacher. "He's making believe he can play."

"That's right," I said. "It's a joke—and a good one."

Right then I swung into the haunting refrain of "Time on My Hands". I knew when I struck the first two or three chords, that they were waiting—ready to jeer. Then I sensed a change. They were listening, really listening with enjoyment and surprise. At the end of the piece I turned smiling and faced them.

"Why, Bill!" my teacher exclaimed, "how did you ever do it? A few months ago you could scarcely read music."

They all fired questions at me. How had I learned in such a short time? Where had I studied? How had I found a teacher? But I kept my secret to myself. In a few minutes they were all begging me to play for dancing.

Later that evening my former teacher asked me again how I had learned to play so well, so quickly. When I told her I had learned solely through the famous U. S. School method, she could hardly believe it.

"Do you mean to say you learned to play at home—without any private teacher—in your spare time?" she asked incredulously.

Then I explained how easy the U. S. School of Music way of learning to play any instrument is—how this famous method makes music like a game—does away with dull tiresome theory and practice—and shows you how to learn in one third the usual time, at only a fraction of the cost entailed by the old slow methods.

When I finished she turned to me in amazement.

"All that you've told me tonight has been a revelation, Bill. You know, I'm convinced

that the U. S. School of Music could help me, too—help me teach others to play easier and quicker."

You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument right in the privacy of your own home, without the aid of a private teacher, and at an average cost of only a few cents a day!

You can't possibly go wrong. Everything is right before you—so simple that even a child could understand it. First you are told how to do it—then a picture shows you how—then you do it yourself and hear it.

Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

To prove how really graphic and simple this course really is, the U. S. School of Music has arranged to send you a Demonstration Lesson and Explanatory Booklet—absolutely free! No matter what instrument you choose to play, the Free Demonstration Lesson will show you at once the amazingly simple principles upon which this famous method is founded. As soon as the lesson arrives you see for yourself just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument *by note* in almost no time and at a fraction of what the old slow methods cost. The booklet will also tell you about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control*.

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Guitar	Violin
Hawaiian Steel Guitar	
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Drums and Traps	
Automatic Finger Control	
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Piano Accordion	
Italian and German Accordion	
Harmony and Composition	
Juniors' Piano Course	

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

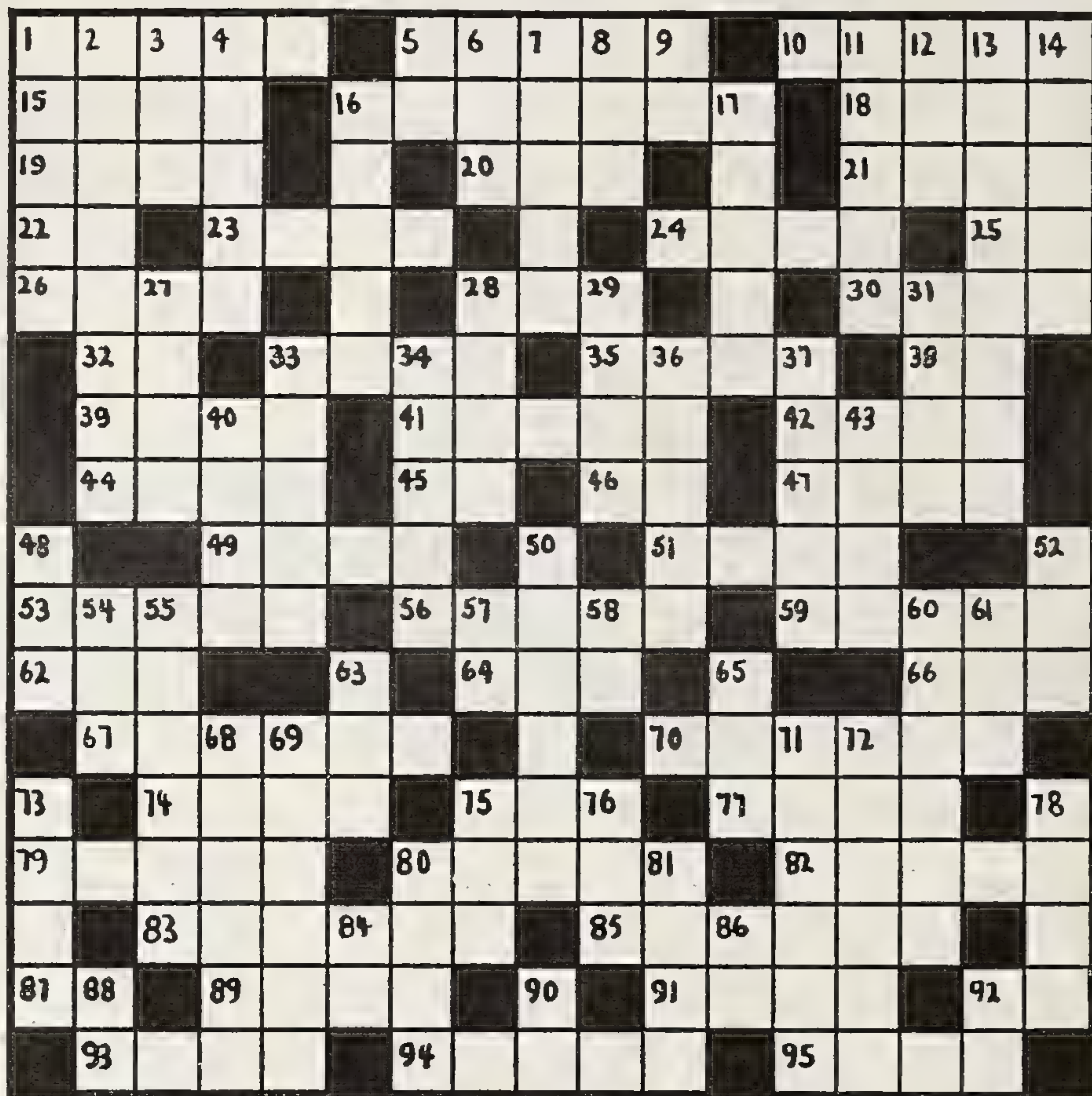
By Priscilla Bryant



Up and Coming



On the Level



On the Horizon



Up to Anything

ACROSS

- 1 She is in "Freaks"
- 5 Sally Eiler's friend in "Bad Girl"
- 10 She was Mrs. David Blankenhorn
- 15 Ling May in "Daughter of the Dragon"
- 16 She is acting in "Limpy"
- 18 A group of islands off Donegal County, Ireland
- 19 Orderly
- 20 Before
- 21 Greta Garbo's daring new character
- 22 Doctor (abbr.)
- 23 Mother of Jackie Cooper in "Sooky"
- 24 A nimbus
- 25 Preposition
- 26 An M-G-M player
- 28 She takes the part of a chic New Yorker in "Strangers in Love"
- 30 To annotate
- 32 Article
- 33 His next picture will be "Zombie"
- 35 Relieve
- 38 Negative
- 39 Rip
- 41 A town in S. W. New York
- 42 A disparaging remark
- 44 Form of "to be" (Latin)
- 45 East India (abbr.)
- 46 A New England state (abbr.)
- 47 Snugly comfortable
- 49 Apprehend
- 51 Implement
- 53 Stop! Hold! (nautical)
- 56 Her last name is Owen
- 59 A blemish
- 62 A quick stroke or thrust
- 64 A domestic animal
- 66 Repent
- 67 Plunders
- 70 He played the part of Huckleberry Finn
- 74 To fall in drops
- 75 In the past
- 77 Brings forth young
- 79 The "Seventeenth of March Girl"
- 80 Pseudonym (abbr.)
- 82 Moisture in the air
- 83 A pen (pl.)
- 85 His next Fox talkie will be "Down to Earth"
- 87 A diminutive ending
- 89 She is in "Broken Lullaby"
- 91 A brief visit
- 92 In "Charlie Chan's Chance" (initials)
- 93 Past participle of "lie"
- 94 He and his wife are making a vaudeville tour
- 95 One of the cyclades

DOWN

- 1 Actress and author of two successful novels
- 2 To deprive of energy
- 3 Ex-wife of John Gilbert
- 4 Hereafter
- 5 Missouri (abbr.)
- 6 Anger
- 7 Securing a divorce from Husband Schenck
- 8 Note (abbr.)
- 9 Exclamation
- 11 Male star rehearsing in "Huddle"
- 12 A period of time
- 13 Swimming or like swimming
- 14 Related on the mother's side
- 16 To impel
- 17 An Irish poet and novelist
- 27 Belonging to one
- 28 The common saltwort
- 29 365 days
- 31 A burden or duty
- 33 He is Warner Brothers' "Clark Gable"
- 34 A theatre circuit
- 36 Opposite Lew Ayres in "Heaven on Earth"
- 37 To pay for the maintenance of
- 40 Demands
- 43 Mrs. Lew Ayres
- 48 A youth
- 50 His latest picture is "The Rainbow Trail"
- 52 She plays in "Clara Deane" and "The Main Event"
- 54 Variant (abbr.)
- 55 Dwells
- 57 Mr. Quillan's first name
- 58 Slang for "no good"
- 60 Makes brittle
- 61 An impetuous, fiery warrior
- 63 A corded fabric
- 65 She went to school with Janet Gaynor in Chicago
- 68 "Snoop" in "The Mad Parade"
- 69 Mrs. Edmund Lowe
- 71 Disentangles
- 72 Knotty
- 73 With the Ralph Forbes' in "Let Us Divorce" on San Francisco stage
- 75 A dolt
- 76 Belonging to us
- 78 The rook
- 80 A head-dress worn in the 18th century
- 81 Artificial basin for vessels
- 84 He is in "Grand Hotel" (initials)
- 86 Starring in "A Successful Calamity" (initials)
- 88 Jansen in "Delicious"
- 90 Sun god
- 92 Louisiana (abbr.)

(The Answer to Last Month's Puzzle Will be Found on Page 55)

299 Park Avenue
New York City

Perfolastic Company
41 East 42nd Street
New York City

Gentlemen:

I am enthusiastic about the wonderful results of my Perfolastic girdle.

It seems almost impossible that since last May, when I first started wearing the corset, my hips have been **reduced nine inches**. I think this is perfectly marvelous. At least twenty of my friends are now wearing the Perfolastic girdle.

This reduction was made without the slightest diet, and I really want you to know how pleased I am that at last I have found the Perfolastic reducing girdle.

Very truly yours,
MISS JEAN HEALY.

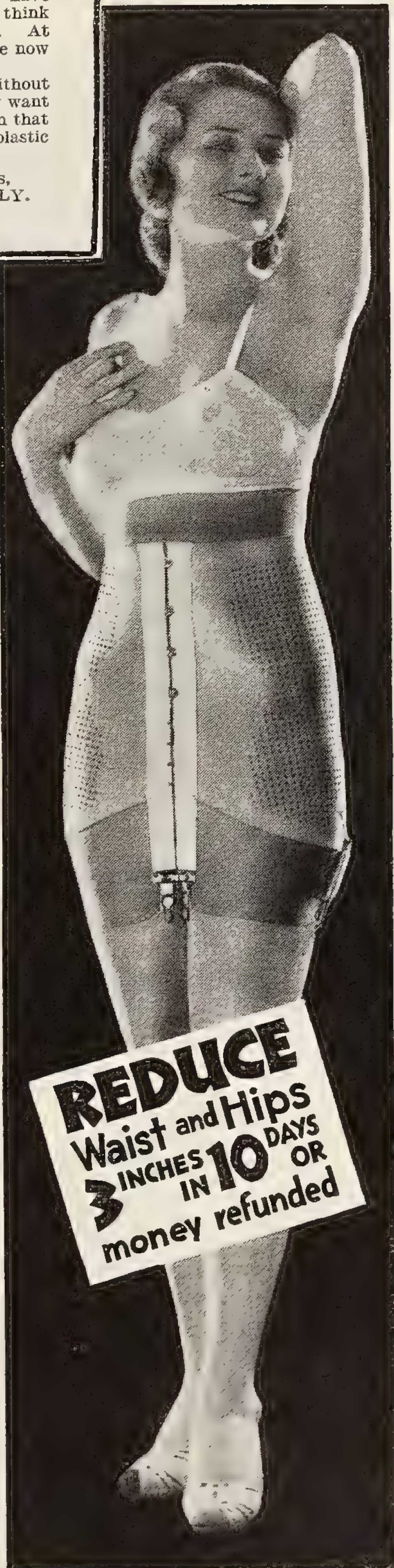
Read What Our Customers Say



"Immediately became three inches smaller in the hips . . . without your girdle I am lost" writes Mrs. Ouida Browne . . . "Having reduced to such extent through hips and waist my girdle is entirely too large" says Mrs. Geo. R. Bergen . . . "Without effort or inconvenience I reduced almost twenty pounds" claims Mrs. K. McSorley . . . Miss Carolyn Jennings says "I have not only reduced a number of pounds, but find my waistline several inches smaller" . . . "Reduced hips from 43 inches to 34½ inches" writes Miss B. Brian . . . "Have really reduced five inches through the hips and two and one-half inches in the waistline . . . it massages like magic even while breathing" writes Miss Kay Carroll.



Not one cent was paid
for above testimonials.



SEE FOR YOURSELF! Stand before your mirror in the Perfolastic Girdle and be the judge. You actually look more slender the moment you put on this ventilated girdle. See how it confines the waist and hips. Notice how your **POSTURE** is improved.

"I reduced my hips **NINE** inches with the PERFOLASTIC REDUCING GIRDLE"

. . . writes Miss Jean Healy



IF YOU are burdened with ugly flabby flesh that causes unsightly unbecoming bulging lines beneath the new form-fitting gowns, then this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet, or drugs! The girdle works constantly while you walk, work, or sit—gently removing fat with every move you make.

Reclaim your lost figure—have the fashionable slim waist and tapering hips . . . and be comfortable too . . . for unlike most rubber girdles, the **PERFOLASTIC** gives with every movement.

The Perfolastic will not chafe, itch or irritate the skin, for a special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh, every minute you wear the Perfolastic. And one of the reasons the Perfolastic reduces so quickly is that it can be worn next to the skin.

Note our money-back guarantee, reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days or your money refunded. The girdle is not infallible, but it has reduced so many thousands of women we do not hesitate to make this unusual offer.

Don't wait any longer—act today. You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny—try it for 10 days—then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results—and your money will be immediately refunded.

This coupon brings you **FREE BOOKLET** and sample of the **Ventilated PERFOLASTIC RUBBER**.
Send today for **10 DAY TRIAL OFFER!**

PERFOLASTIC INC.

Dept. 445, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part please send me **FREE BOOKLET** describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of Perfolastic and particulars of your 10-day Trial offer.

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Address.....

City..... State.....

Over Hollywood

"HEY! skipper! shut off, will you? They're flagging us below. No—not from the celery farms—right below, among those black and white checkers. Must be twenty people—all waving their arms off. Nose down and let's collect. This is a welcome."

And what a welcome!

"Say! You two imitation buzzards!" says W. S. ("Tarzan") Van Dyke, who can say it as no other can, "when'll you learn not to fly over Culver City? For pity's sake—go and jam up recording on some other lot. Well! I'm a son-of-a-gun—it's you!"

"Sure it's us."

"Why didn't you say so? Come on in."

Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes

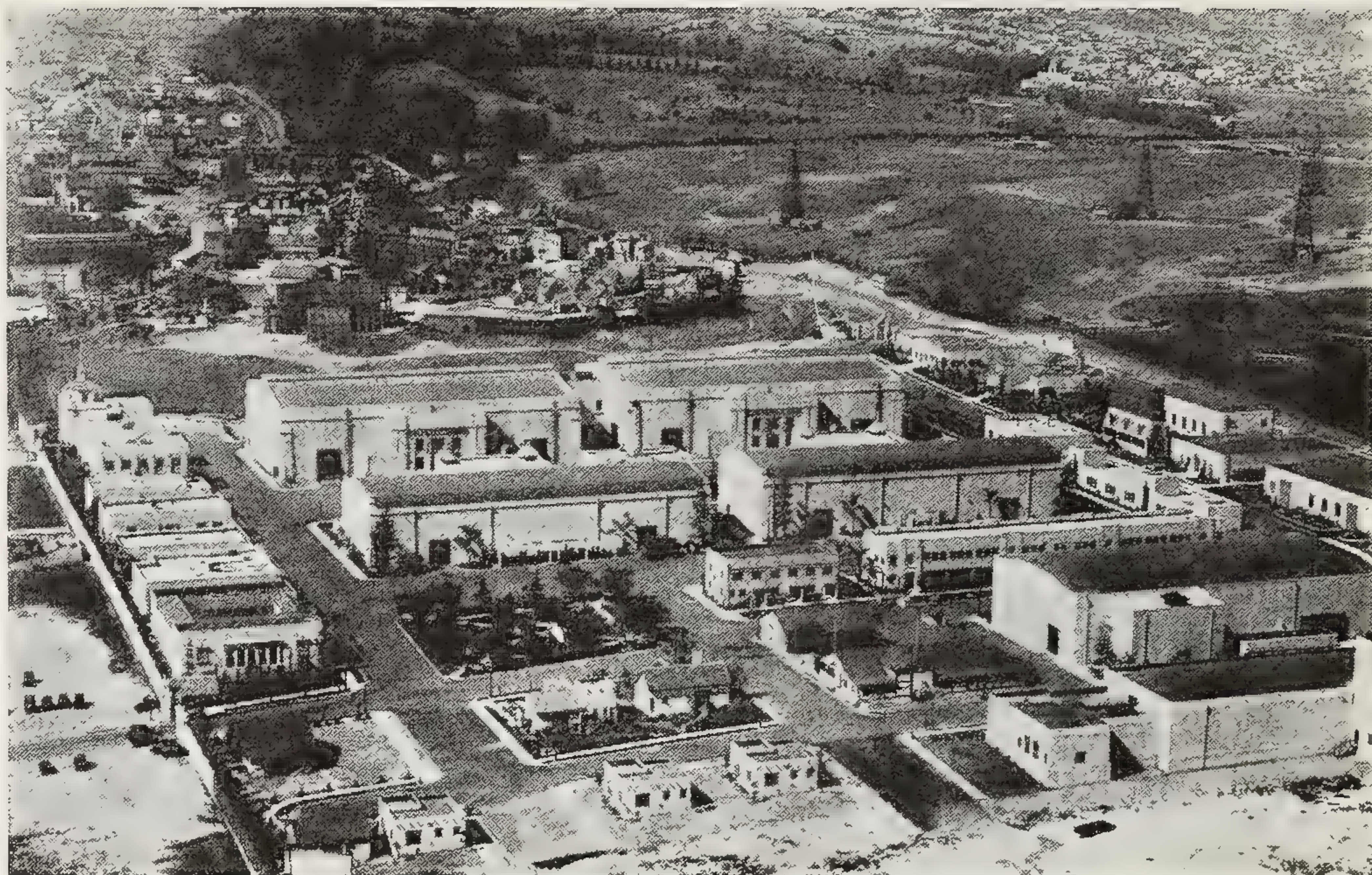
"IN" is on Stage 16 of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, where Phillips Holmes is dragging Walter Huston up the aisle of a night court—and what a drag that blond young man has! Huston is husky, but Phil has an inch or two advantage in height (you'd never believe it until you saw them together) and, besides, justice, outraged love and the scenario of "Night Court" are on his side.

Both of them look plenty damaged. Huston's face is bruised and bloody; Holmes has lost the skin off one cheek and acquired a pigeon's egg on his brow and a contused lump at the side of his blackened left eye. They have been beating each other up.

"Night Court" is the story of a crooked judge (Walter Huston) in danger of exposure by an investigator higher up. To cover his tracks he sends his mistress to an East Side apartment, next door to a taxi-driver (Phil Holmes) and his wife (Anita Page), who innocently picks up a bank pass-book dropped by the mistress and learns of the judge's graft.

Huston has Anita framed on an immorality charge and sends her up. Phil goes to the investigator, is picked up by Huston's henchmen, suspended by his wrists from a ceiling and slugged as he swings backwards and forwards across the room, while his torturers demand that he sign a paper exonerating the judge.

On the next night Huston unwittingly engages Phil's taxi. Instead of to his own home he is driven to Phil's, tied in a chair and slugged. In the morning Holmes reads that his prisoner is wanted for murder; his alibi is that he had spent the night tied in a chair, but only Phil's evidence can prove it. Phil's price is a confession that Anita was framed and he drags him to court on those terms.



The Fox Studios from the air

A Flying Visit to the Busy Studios of Hollywood. Which Stars are Working and How!

By Donovan Pedelty

"Gosh! what a relief," pants Phil, as he finishes a spot of dragging and is allowed off the set for a minute. "This is the first time they've let me be a tough little egg since 'Her Man.' No more maniac-depressionist stuff—melodrama, my lad, sheer melodrama—and they've even allowed me a sense of humour. Whoops!"

"Is it painful?"

"No, just irritating." He fingers his "wounds." "It's not collodion. That draws like the devil, but you daren't use it near the eye. This is just wax, spirit gum and grease-paints."

As the next shot is about to begin, the cry of a baby splits the silence and totally ignores an assistant's shout of "QUIET!" and a moan from Director W. S. Van Dyke. If the scenarist is to be believed, the baby is Anita's and Phil's, but when a nurse presses it into the Phil's arms the creature yells harder than ever.

"Hey!" says Van Dyke, rattling a rattle, "you're costing us a hundred bucks a minute."

"And if you don't shut up," says John Miljan, "I'll tell the supervisor." Let's leave them to it and go in search of peace.

We find it on Stage 10, amongst the millioned windows, suits of armour and soft-voiced butlers of an English hunting-lodge set for "Mister and Mistress" which is one of those things which may lapse back into its original title of "The Truth Game," which was the name of the popular Ivor Novello play during its New York run.

Monocled Heather Thatcher enters on the arm of Robert Montgomery, who

looks about him like an Iowan entering New York.

"Happy?" says Heather.

"Terrified," says Bob.

"Of father? You needn't be. If the old fool gets pompous tell him to shut up. He loves it."

And so the svelte Heather and the boyish Bob pass out of camera range and up to us. We congratulate her.

"It was amazing, wasn't it? I was in New York, all ready packed and booked for England when the call came."

"Shame!" says Bob.

"Shame?"

"You didn't go."

That Montgomery man is Hollywood's most irrepressible kiddier.

Fifty paces to the west and we are in Argentina. Forty ripe-looking couples are dancing the tango in forty square feet of cafe. They sway like one jelly-fish. The orchestra spiritedly scrapes and squeezes, but not a sound proceeds from their instruments. The music will be recorded later. Off-set two grips burn

sulphur cloth and fan its acrid smoke towards the camera to thicken the atmosphere to its well-known Argentine consistency.

Joan and Nils

IN THE foreground Nils Asther, in white trousers and a *moiré* tuxedo, a feminine-pulse-stirring figure, is dancing with Joan Crawford. Joan is wearing one of the new triangle-fronted, backless gowns, a gorgeous affair of black and white satin, with the black ingeniously draped like a caress round where some people believe she should be spanked. Her decency depends on only a narrow loop round the neck. Did you know that Joan has a big mole below her left shoulder-blade?

"If ever you return to New York," croons Nils, "you can teach them the real tango. No?"

"I'd rather stay with you," purrs Joan, "and eat lotus and poppies." He tries to kiss her, as who wouldn't? "Don't let's talk," she continues (he wasn't going to) "just listen to the music." Naturally he kisses her, and naturally she likes it.

"Letty Lynton," the meaningless name of the Joan-Nils feature, is the beginning of a new era for Asther, even though in the end Joan murders him for the too-persistent lover he is well suited to be. Tried out with a bit in "Mister And Mistress" he proved to speak English with an accent, but it is good English and a most aphrodisiac (the Greeks had the same word for it) accent.

[Continued on page 60]

WHO ELSE

wants to get into

BROADCASTING?

Let FLOYD GIBBONS, famous Radio Star, train you for a Broadcasting career.
\$3,000 to \$15,000 a year and more
paid to trained talent.

DO YOU want to get into the most fascinating, fastest-growing industry in the world today—Broadcasting? Do you want to perform for thousands and even millions over the air? Do you want to earn from \$3,000 to \$15,000 and more a year? If you have natural talent—if you have a good speaking voice or can sing, act, write, direct, read or sell—*Broadcasting needs you* and you can now easily secure the important training that qualifies for a big pay job.

For now, thanks to Floyd Gibbons, famous "Headline Hunter of the Air", a remarkable new Course in Broadcasting Technique prepares you for the position you want—right in your own home. No matter how much natural ability you possess, Broadcasting is different from any other medium and your own talents must be adapted to fit its special requirements. The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting offers you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. It gives you the benefit of Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Broadcasting. Under his guidance you can acquire, right at home in your spare time, the technique that makes highly paid Broadcasting Stars.

Biggest Opportunities in Broadcasting

No other industry today offers you as many opportunities for quick success and high pay as Broadcasting. For no other industry is growing at such an amazing rate of speed. Thousands of men and women of talent and training are needed—and are highly paid according to their ability and popularity.

Last year advertisers alone spent more than \$29,000,000 over the air. Broadcasting companies spent many more millions for talent. This year it is predicted that the amount spent for Broadcasting will be even more than this staggering total. Many more men and women will be employed.

Think of what this means to *you*! Think of the chance this gives *you* to get into this thrilling young industry. Think of the opportunities it offers *you* to get *your* share of these millions.



FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Radio Broadcaster

Positions like these, often paying from \$3,000 to \$15,000 a year, are open to talented men and women who have mastered the technique of radio presentation:

Announcer	Advertising
Singer	Publicity
Actor	Dramatist
Reader	Musician
Writer	Director
	Musical Director
	Script Writer
	Program Manager
	Sales Manager

Read how you, too, can prepare yourself for a big-paying job in Broadcasting.

New Talent Needed

This year hundreds more talented men and women will make their bow over the "mike." New personalities will be heard—new stars will rise to the heights and sway millions—new fortunes will be made for those who are fortunate enough to be trained in Broadcasting technique.

You may be one of these—if you have talent and the necessary training. If your speaking or singing voice

shows promise, if you can act, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you have any hidden talent at all—then let the Floyd Gibbons Course show you how to train successfully for Broadcasting fame and fortune.

Remember—talent alone is not enough. No matter how talented you are, that does not mean you will be successful in Broadcasting—unless you have a thorough knowledge of the *technique* of Broadcasting. Many a famous stage star or playwright has failed when brought face to face with the limitations of the microphone—while others, totally unheard of before, have sprung to fame almost overnight, because they grasped the technique.

Until recently it was difficult for the average person to get this necessary training for Broadcasting success. The Floyd Gibbons

School of Broadcasting has changed all that. It was founded to bring to every talented man or woman the type of training that has made fortunes for the Graham MacNamees, Amos and Andys, Olive Palmers and Floyd Gibbons.

Now, through this new, fascinating home-study Course you get a complete and thorough training in the technique of all branches of Broadcasting. In your spare time—right in your own home—without giving up your present job or making a single sacrifice of any kind—through this remarkable Course you can train for the big-paying Broadcasting position you have dreamed of.

FLOYD GIBBONS Complete Course in Broadcasting Technique

The new, easy Floyd Gibbons Course trains you thoroughly in *every phase* of Broadcasting technique. It prepares you to step right into the studio and qualify for a place among the highly paid Broadcasters. A few of the subjects covered are: The Station and Studio, Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice, How to Make the Voice Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, the Knack of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Radio Dialogue, Dramatic Broadcasts, Making the Audience Laugh, How to Arrange Daily Programs, Money Making Opportunities Inside and Outside the Studio, and dozens of other subjects.

Send for FREE booklet

An interesting free booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting and describes fully the training offered by our Home Study Course. Here is your chance to enter a life-long richly paid profession—to qualify for an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send today for your free copy of "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting." See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. No obligation on your part. Act now—send coupon below today. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 2 E27, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

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Address.....

City.....State.....



In Eugene O'Neill's great play the characters think aloud. The thoughts are recorded, and then played back, and again recorded while the scene is being acted with dialogue

CLARK GABLE

with NORMA SHEARER in "STRANGE INTERLUDE"

*How He Plays a Heavy Dramatic Part Which is
Utterly Different from Any of His Previous Roles*

(Read the Story on Page 52)



Silver Screen's Movietown Topics

We're going to call it Sylvia Screen after this, Miss Sidney

ON THE evening of the day Robert Montgomery signed his original motion picture contract with M-G-M, Bob and his wife decided on a celebration. They "did" New York, arriving home at two in the morning.

Until five Bob tossed restlessly about. Then he grabbed the telephone and called the home of an M-G-M executive.

"Did I sign a long term contract with you today?" He was *very* angry.

"You did."

"For Heaven's sake tear it up, will you," said Bob. "I can't sleep!"

GROUCHO MARX has started a new school of philosophy. It's about the only thing you can start in Hollywood these days without getting your feet wet. After five minutes of deep thought on the subject Groucho is firmly convinced that "Beyond the Alps lie more Alps and the Lord Alps those who Alp themselves."

REGIS TOOMEY thinks that Georgia girls are the most beautiful of the species. He was managing the University of Pittsburgh's baseball team when the team went down to Athens to play the University of Georgia, and ever since then he has been completely sold on "Georgia Peaches." In fact he married one.

MADGE BELLAMY is coming back to the screen, after a long absence during which she has been garnering some stage experience. The Halperin Brothers have signed her for the feminine lead in "Zombie," a jungle mystery thriller. "Mother Knows Best" was Madge's last picture.

WHEN Paul Lukas was in New York on a recent vacation he went to one of those little places where you go down steps and ring a bell and a gleaming eye stares at you through a peephole.

"I want to come in. I am Paul Lukas," said the screen favorite.

"Huh, we got enough palookas in here now," was the retort discourteous.

GINGER ROGERS and Mervyn Le Roy, the young Warner Brothers' studio director, will march to the strains of Lohengrin in June, unless something happens. Getting married now has become *the* thing in filmland.

STUART ERWIN claims that he was born on St. Valentine's Day and he modestly admits that his parents thought him a very cute valentine. But, he adds, he developed into a comic one.

WHEN Tallulah Bankhead slapped the face of Bill Haines at the dinner party in the home of the George Cukors in Hollywood, she lost one good friend but made another. She and Polly Moran have become "buddies" since the occurrence—this in spite of the fact that Polly and Bill have done a brother and sister act out here for years.

Polly was holding the center of the stage, entertaining the Cukor guests with some risqué stories. Tallulah decided to try it, too.

"No lady would talk that way," said Bill Haines.

Bang! It was Tallulah's palm against Bill's cheek.

Ten minutes later, after a good cry, Tallulah was delivering humble apologies to Bill.

[More Movietown Topics on page 44]

FEW, INDEED, GO

Where are the Glamorous, Scandalous Hollywood Rumors of Lovers Ecstatic and Naughty?

OH FOR a ruthless sheik! Oh for an arrant lover! Oh to be in England now that April's here!

And oh what are we going to do about the male situation in Hollywood? With the place all cluttered up with Nature's noblemen and a couple of imports from Europe (Hi there, Hank, how do you like being Connie's Marquis?) it's difficult to find in these parts a low lifer who takes his fun where he finds it.

Indeed the handsome heroes of the silver screen have gone so hopelessly noble that they make honest women of their girl friends and rush them off to a prelate at the first blush



Lew Ayres and wife (Lola Lane) in his happy and peaceful home surroundings. Would Lew be a more popular actor if he was still a bachelor?



Fredric March and his wife (Florence Eldridge). Does his home life lessen his tremendous histrionic ability?



Lionel Barrymore is the Blue Ribbon Winner among the actors in the talking pictures

—well better prelate than never. Nice for the girls, but bad for the magazine writers. Oh for a breath of scandal.

There's an awful pall of middle class respectability about Hollywood. It's oppressing. It's stifling. I shudder—and you may shudder too. To think that romance has come to this. Why, in Hollywood, romance is only the name of one of Garbo's pictures. You go into the Brown Derby any evening and find Clark Gable eating spinach with Mrs. Gable, Doug Jr. and Joan Crawford (if they are so wild as to stay up after ten) quibbling childishly over their lettuce, and Lil Tashman passing the salt to Eddie Lowe. Now wouldn't it be much more fun for everybody if instead of this drab respectability you walked into the Derby one evening and saw Clark Gable in a sub-

dued tête à tête with Joan Crawford, Doug Jr. and Lil Tashman playing "footsie" under the table, and Eddie Lowe holding hands with Mrs. Gable? Now I ask you, wouldn't that be more fun?

But, alas and a phooey, no one has fun these days. No one gets gloriously blind from the fruit of the juniper tree. No one gets thrilled by a contour with undulations and goes deliriously mad for love. Gosh no. Few indeed are they who go mad for love in this burg. Sin and Sex are a couple of sissies whom nobody wants around. Mere shadows of their former selves, and often without a lodging for the night.

Once upon a time, my children, Hollywood was

MAD for LOVE!



George Arliss, whose screen success proves that the public honors talent in actors

*Can the artistic soul thrive on hearth-stones?
Can the actor who is deaf to the Sirens hear the
overtones of passion and the harmonics of misery?*

By Elizabeth Wilson

inhabited by ruthless sheiks whose mocking laughter rent the early morning air as they ravaged and rode away. Ah, I'm telling you those were the days. No actor was ever seen with his wife then. He couldn't remember who she was. What a merry lot they were, those sheiks, never dull nor noble, and you could bet your dia-

mond necklace that their intentions were strictly dishonorable. They were the playthings of Passion. She tossed them wantonly hither and thither—upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber. Whoops, what abandon. But the dear ladies in the hinterland loved it and packed the theatres. (And the dear ladies in Hollywood loved it too—they were no fools.) Passion was the business of the movie star then, his vocation and his avocation, and often, his ruin. He would rehearse too much away from the studio. With a grand gesture he went mad for love, but he had a heck of a good time on the way.

What a lot of set-ups the movie stars are today when compared with the Don Juans of the last decade. Valentino, of course, was the most popular star of his time. Women and children cried for him and so did Pola Negri. Who, according to box office, are the most popular male stars today? (Women and children and Pola don't cry for any of them). George Arliss and Lionel Barrymore head the list. They are the lads who get the medals and the silver mugs. What would Valentino think of that? Two men old enough to be grandpapas and with no more sex appeal than Aunt Emma's home



Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Chevalier happily voyaging back to France after he has won a fortune as a gay screen gallant

made preserves. Say, ain't nuthin' sacred? Both Mr. Arliss and Mr. Barrymore are great artists, to be sure, but since when have we, a nation of red-blooded hero-worshippers, preferred great actors to great lovers?

The popular young leading men of the day are Fredric March, Maurice Chevalier, Clark Gable and Lew Ayres. Nice boys, all of them. Not a broken heart—or nose—to their credit. Perfect gentlemen with no intentions whatsoever. They make love-to-order on the screen then rush home to the little woman who wears a platinum band. What a [Cont. on page 50]



John Barrymore and his wife, Dolores, and their baby. John is the modern actor who is happy in his home and wicked on the screen

POLO CRAZY



Robert Montgomery is one of the attractions at the Riviera Polo Field. Bob has played ever since his military school days



Constance Bennett and her Marquis watch the game. The stars in the audience attract the crowds quite as much as the other stars who play

HOLLYWOOD has gone polo! The world's most highly paid artists have succumbed to the world's most expensive sport.

Stars rise at 6 a.m. on week-days to tussle with a horse, a mallet and a white ball.

Their peers step out on a sunny Sunday afternoon to watch the results of their practice.

It's wildly exciting, even if the industry has no Tommy Hitchcocks, no Eric Pedleys, as yet.

I'm going to take you to two games. It is necessary to take you to two to see everybody, for the camps are divided. There are four clubs all told. The two outstanding, from a motion picture standpoint, are Riviera and the Uplifters. The Los Indios club is made up of motion picture executives, but holds few open sessions, and Medwick, while it attracts large crowds of enthusiasts with a more perfect expression of the game, boasts of no stars on its teams.

We'll visit the Uplifters first, that being the farthest from Hollywood, and then swing back to the Riviera.

We climb into our car and seek out the traffic-teeming Beverly Boulevard, passing through Beverly Hills and Bel-Air and Brentwood, where the cream of the colony makes its home.

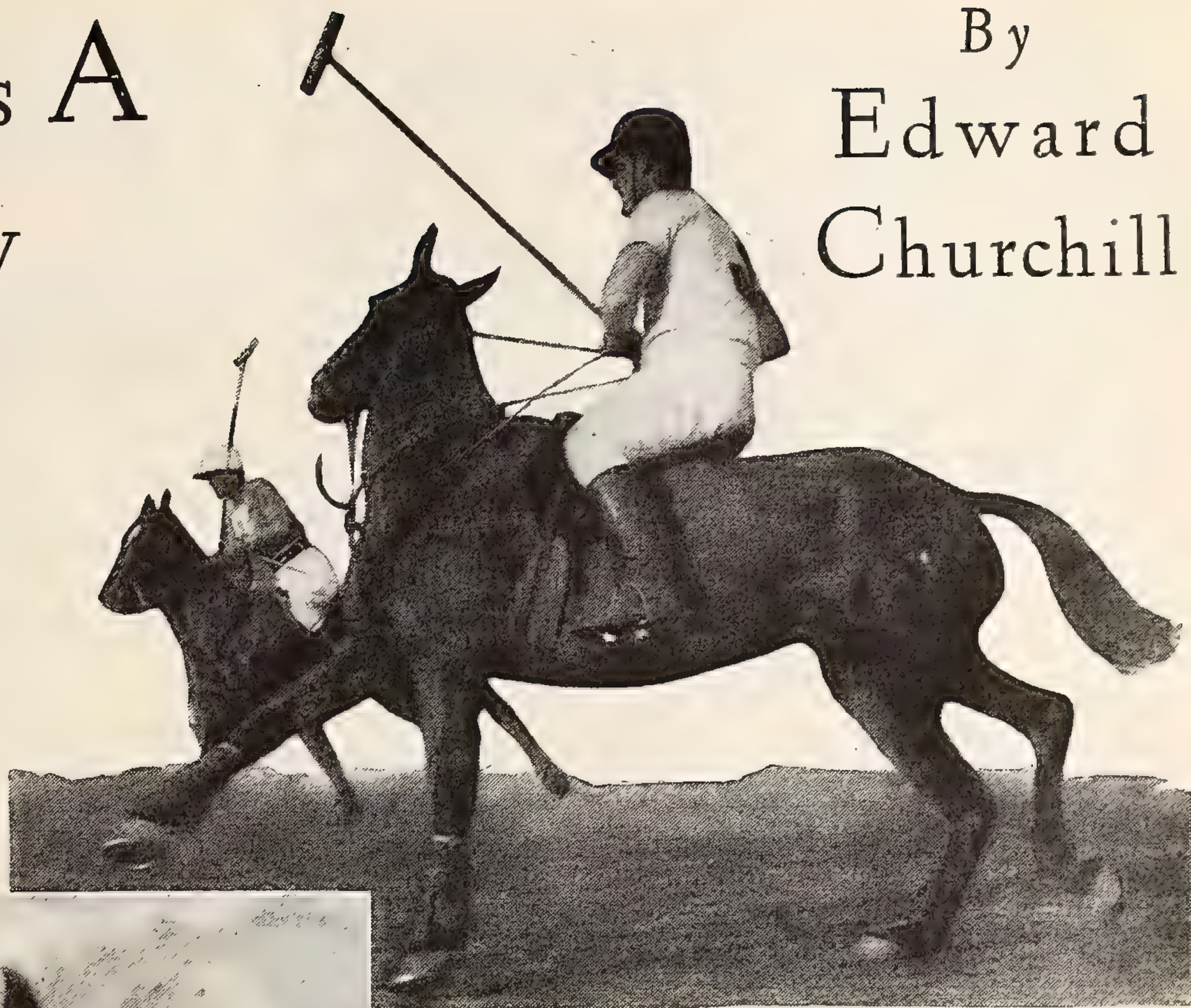
The sun shines brightly, gaily, after days of rain, the heaviest in ten years. The fields are emerald, flowers line the roadside in kaleidoscopic beauty as the boulevard to the sea twists and turns and rises and falls at the undulating base of Hollywood hills. Rolls-Royces in green vie with Cadillac V-16's in blue, bright chrome glistening.

We pass the Riviera polo field, making a wide turn, so that we may look down on the concrete stands, gray against the bright green of the turf. We are early and there is no activity. But the scoreboard shows us that

Hollywood Has A New Hobby To Ride

By
Edward
Churchill

Every Sunday Morning the Leading Stars of Hollywood Society go to the Polo Fields. The Grandstand is the "Diamond Horseshoe" of Hollywood



the Tigers, with Bob Montgomery listed as Number 1, will play the Cowboys, who include John Cromwell, the Paramount director, and Guinn (Big Boy) Williams. That looks interesting.

We continue onward, make the same sort of turn and there discover the Uplifters field, snug in a hollow between the hills, overlooked by the vast estate of Will Rogers, dean of polo players, dean of humorists. We pay a dollar to go inside, and find that we have a box seat. The boxes are interesting, for they bear the names of William Powell,



Guinn (Big Boy) Williams, a popular hero of the latest craze

James Cagney, and a score of others. The Uplifters, we find, is very much Warner-First National because Darryl Zanuck, who does all the hiring and firing there, is one of the most rabid of poloists.

The scoreboard reveals that Zanuck and Ray Griffith, once a delightful comedian, now a successful writer and director, and two non-professionals, will play four men from the Army. The Army men, we hear, are very good, and will probably hand the motion picturists a nice pasting. It is not long before the thin Mr. Zanuck and the plump Mr. Griffith appear in blue shirts, boots, and hard white hats.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and one of his ponies. Doug, Jr. is a devotee of the new Hollywood fad



Discussing the game between chukkers. The Marquis de la Falaise, Mrs. John Mack Brown, Johnnie himself, and Guinn Williams, who also raises polo ponies

They mount their ponies and do a little warming up, which is fairly interesting, but even more interesting than this is the arrival of some of the stars. Mervyn LeRoy, director of most of the best pictures during 1931, recently separated from Edna Murphy, appears with Ginger Rogers, who boasts of a flaming crop of red hair. It looks as if she is on fire underneath her small turban. Next comes Jim Cagney, and we begin to wonder if this is the day for red-heads. Behind them is Charlie Middleton, who looks very menacing, being the menace of "Palmy Days" and other pictures. One blends screen and real life on seeing these people, and meeting them. Over here's Courtenay Terrett, the writer, while, over there, we see Bill Powell and Carole Lombard and Lloyd Bacon, the director.

The teams line up and a ball is thrown into the field. Eight chukkers, of seven minutes, will be played, we learn. At this stage we, as you, are becoming polo-minded. Our attention is divided. We want to see Zanuck hit the ball and at the same time we want to see who is with Regis Toomey and catch a look at Gavin Gordon, whom we [Continued on page 54]

The faces of the envious blanched, their coiffures bleached, and the smart places showed more figures than an adding machine



The GIRL WHO CHANGED the STARS

*Tossed into the Stream
of Hollywood Life Jean
Harlow Breasted the
Current and Won!*

By
James A. Whitchel

Platinum! What a word to conjure with. The dictionary says it's only a whitish metallic element—but Webster never saw Harlow. Even so his definition speaks of platinum as "incapable of being fused," and that surely applies to Jean, for in coming to Hollywood she brought with her a new set of standards that upset tradition.

Jean is incapable of being fused. She stands as much apart from the crowd as her hair from the coiffures of her sister players. She does not come over to other people's ideas about living and working; they flock to her side in such crowds you'd think she had invented a successful mousetrap.

But her success is an open secret. She has no mousetrap hidden from the world. She hides no light under a bushel, for that light, the most glorious hair in the world, caps the loveliest bushel on the screen.

Harlow is the girl of tomorrow who has arrived today. She is neither premature with her presence nor too advanced in her actions, yet she is so decidedly ahead of her nearest competitor comparisons are futile. She is, off screen, what every motion picture producer has tried to conceive on his screen—the ultra modern woman.

She embodies all the elements of modernity. Is it not characteristic of our age that youth should own all? Dominate our arts, become our screen idols, motivate our businesses, fashion our fun? Isn't it logical then for a girl who has seen only twenty summers to be at the top of a heap, to which position fully ten million other girls aspire? Ten years ago Jean Harlow skated the streets of Kansas City. [Continued on page 50]

IT'S NOT because Jean Harlow has white hair with a silvery tinge that the cinema capital turns frenzied handsprings in her wake, but through her actions generally she has converted a stagnating colony into something once again alive and deserving to be known universally as a leader of movements, as a stamping ground for quips heard round the world, as an arbiter of fashion.

Jean's part in this business is quite a passive one. All Jean has to present is herself. But when you accept Jean you are taking unto yourself a new world, new ideas, a new tempo.

Change—that's it! It's Jean's thematic movement. Change! She's as restless as molecules on a test slide. It wasn't until scientists discovered the uses of the microscope that a new world of tiny beings was disclosed and, relatively speaking, it wasn't until Jean Harlow came along that the horizon began to widen for a movie public bent on new finds.

George Brent from Dublin

"He is the Best"—
Ruth Chatterton

By Ben Maddox

HAVE you fallen for George Brent? Don't be quaint and claim you haven't! He's the very newest gasp in heroes. Experts say so. Not overpoweringly handsome, this six-footer with the hazel eyes and dark hair. No love maker in private life. But what a grand camera technique!

Gimme! Gimme!! That's what the lady stars at Warners are all shouting when their casts are being made up and the powers-that-be mention Brent's name.

Joan Blondell walked over to Ruth Chatterton's set one day recently, worried over what kind of hero she would draw for her first starring picture. Mary Roberts Rinehart had written "Miss Pinkerton of Scotland Yard" for her, but Joan knew that a really good masculine foil was vitally necessary for the Blondell stellar debut.

After five minutes of watching the goings-on on the Chatterton stage, Joan turned to the publicity man with her and excitedly inquired, "Who is that man?"

She was told that the stranger was one George Brent. She had never heard of him.

"Is he under contract here?" Joan continued breathlessly. "Well, then, I want him for my leading man!"

The publicity man is wondering if Joan has a lot of pull, for only five days later he was called into the front office and informed that George Brent had been assigned the lead in her picture.

Had our Miss Blondell been up on studio gossip, she would have heard what Ruth Chatterton had said.

George was given the lead in Ruth's "The Rich Are Always With Us." And at the end of the first day's shooting the artistocratic Chatterton was in an unparalleled state of enthusiasm.

"Where *have* you been all your life?" she demanded of her modest hero, going trite and almost flattening an already broad *A* in her ardor.

To those close by, Ruth confided, "He is the best leading man I have ever worked with in Hollywood. A splendid actor! Perfect in his lines and in the business of his part. It is a pleasure to work with such a fine performer. He has given me the most perfect day I have ever had before the cameras!"

Note the recurrence of these rare-from-the-lips of a star adjectives: perfect, splendid, fine. And recall the worthy actors with whom Ruth has worked.



George Brent is thoroughly experienced on the stage but it took Hollywood six months to realize that he is an irresistible Irish gentleman

Barbara Stanwyck is one up on both Ruth and Joan, though. That girl positively has an "ear" for news.

She had George as her lead in "So Big" before they got wind of him. Now, having completed the Blondell picture, he is to play opposite either Constance Bennett or Kay Francis.

Perhaps you are curious as to what this apparently remarkable fellow is like, and wonder how he is taking his rapid rise. When I heard so many bouquets being tossed his way I, like Ruth Chatterton, wanted to know where he'd been all his heretofore obscure life.

I found him in a tiny dressing-room at the studio, waiting to be called for work. He is just twenty-eight, but looks and talks older than the average Hollywood actor that age. An intelligent, self-contained man thoroughly trained in the mechanics of acting.

He is not, I soon discovered, a novice. In fact, whatever rôle he may be given by [Continued on page 56]

Every Stage Door



TIMES have changed. No longer can little Genevieve of Timbuctoo come to Hollywood, serve as an extra for a brief space of time, and hope to rise to stardom.

Statistics (and we have to wax technical for a minute) tell us that in five years not one extra girl has reached stardom.

Hollywood has no use for amateurs any more. The talkies have definitely and for all time killed their chances. Professionals are in demand. When looking for new talent, the producers and their satellites comb the New York stage. There they find exactly what they are searching for—youth, beauty, talent, and most important of all—brains! And what a magnificent combination. Brains and Beauty.

So if you are longing for a career upon the screen, don't pack your nightie and jump upon the train bound for Hollywood. Instead hie yourself to the nearest dramatic school and learn stage technique. If you



Troupers all; Miriam Hopkins, Vivienne Osborne and Phillips Holmes while making "Two Kinds of Women" for Director De Mille. (Left) Ruth Chatterton to reach Hollywood had to step gracefully over many laurel wreaths won on Broadway

are really ambitious and sincere in your efforts and if—and this a big *If*—you show promising talent, you may eventually find yourself performing on the stage. The theatre may be operated by a small community or art group, by a stock company, or, if you are one whom the gods love, by a real New York company, but, if you are professionally connected with it console yourself with the knowledge that you are on the road that leads to screen stardom.

Peggy Shannon, the new leading woman on the Paramount lot, told me when she was playing in New York in a dramatic play, shortly before she captured

Leads to the Screen

If You Want to Face the
Cameras of Hollywood, You
Must First Face the Foot-
lights of the Stage

By Dana Rush



All a stage player has to do is practice a new make-up, a new voice, a different pace in acting and then she's a beginner in pictures like Peggy Shannon



The theatre was bred into John Barrymore, but theatre folks *have* to make the pictures. Karen Morley is a stage girl with a great picture future

a movie contract, that William A. Brady, none other than the father of Alice Brady, one of the stars of the pioneer days of the cinema, had taught her everything she knew about acting.

Peggy hails from Arkansas and was brought East by Ziegfeld, the American Girl glorifier. But it was while playing in Texas Guinan's night club that Peggy began realizing the legitimate theatre offered more for an actress than the musical plays. She applied for a part in a play Brady Senior was producing. And that astute showman not only gave her the part but during rehearsals noticed that Peggy had more than just a pretty face. He put her under a five-year contract and began teaching her the tricks of the business.

"My first dramatic play for Mr. Brady," said Peggy, "gave me a part with a few comedy lines. They fell flat when I said them. And then Mr. Brady told me I was not timing them properly. Being from Arkansas I'm rather slow in my speech and the fraction of a second I hesitated in picking up my line spoiled the laugh.

movement and never quite sure of herself.

When playing in the Broadway production, "Life Is Like That," she was about the only member of the cast who did not boast that before many months she would be signed for the movies. Peggy not only admitted she had no prospects, but laughed at the idea that she would screen well. However, though the Cinderella extra girl has disappeared, there are still fairy god-mothers, or in this particular case, fairy god-fathers, who look out for pretty girls who are wise enough to prepare for their coming.

It was while Peggy was playing in "Nappi," in a New York theatre, that Clara Bow and Paramount decided to part company. Scouts of that company were sent out to find some one to take her place. As the popular hunting grounds of the scouts are the New York theatres, Walter Wanger, then the production head of the Eastern studios of Paramount, attended "Nappi" with his pretty blonde wife, Justine Johnston.

Before the curtain went up, [Continued on page 53]

The Best Bette in Pictures

By
James
Marion
Fidler



Bette Davis is the New England girl with the nice inferiority complex and it photographs beautifully

FOR years Bette Davis has followed a rainbow, seeking the fabled pot of gold at its end. At times the storm clouds have been so heavy the rainbow disappeared, only to return when the storms blew over. And now Bette is at the beginning of the end of her quest. The pot of gold is at her feet and for the next several years, unless new storms come, she will pluck from that pot enough of the precious metal to provide luxuries for herself and her mother for the balance of their lives.

Bette is the charming young person you saw in "The Man Who Played God," or perhaps you saw her before that in "Seed," "Way Back Home" or "Other People's Business." She is a New England girl and all of her life she has been very poor—so poor that when she went to New York to study for the stage, she was able to afford only four months with John Murray Anderson and might have been forced to discontinue had not that far sighted dramatist recognized rare talent and given her a year's tuition free of charge. She remembers struggling days in New England, in New York and later, in Hollywood—such struggling days that when she was asked why she recently rented a furnished home she answered, "Because I have never had enough money to accumulate furniture."

After an inspiring but not financial success on the New York stage, Bette was signed to a motion picture contract by Universal. With her mother, who is divorced from her father, she went to Hollywood with high hopes, certain that she was nearing the end of her rainbow.

Instead, she was cast in a picture titled "Bad Sister," in which she essayed the rôle of a wall flower. To make the part more convincing, she was badly gowned and lights were thrown on her face in such manner as to heighten the suggestion of unattractiveness. That picture established her immediately in the minds of company officials as a most unpretentious young girl.

They asked one another why the New York office sent

When "The Man Who Played God" opened on Broadway "Hell's House" was just down the lighted lane, and Bette Davis was the leading women in both

her to Hollywood. Directors lost interest in her and it was only by good fortune that she won a bit in "Seed." Because the director was already convinced that she was a poor prospect, she was given scant attention during production of that picture. As a consequence, she was shunted to the background and her most important scenes were cut to flashes.

Following "Seed," officials evidenced such a complete lack of interest in Bette that she was never used in another Uni-

versal picture, but instead was loaned to other studios.

"I was heart broken during my first year," Bette admits. "I am very susceptible to encouragement and confidence, and the complete disinterest of Universal hurt and dejected me."

At the end of a year, the company released Miss Davis from her contract. Hollywood immediately branded her a failure, which Hollywood often does in similar cases. Bette packed her belongings and prepared to return to New York, but before she departed, she answered a telephone call to visit the Warner Brothers, studio to be tested for a rôle with George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God." Fifteen minutes after she met the celebrated Arliss, she was chosen by him for the part. On the strength of her excellent work in his picture, she was signed by Warner Brothers to a newer, more lucrative and generally better contract than her previous Universal agreement.

Now she is happy again, and a happy Bette Davis is indeed a revelation. Older than she looks, but younger than she talks, she is a curious combination of child and woman. She is not only beautiful, but she bubbles with charm and good fellowship. She bears a striking likeness to two other famous stars. Her eyes and nose and forehead are astonishingly like those of Constance Bennett. Her mannerisms and way of talking are reminiscent of Olive Borden. Such comparisons displease her, not because she dislikes [Continued on page 59]



OYA

Players in Springtime

GEORGE BANCROFT

A BIG Hollywood fish in the trout stream. George Bancroft is having a high time in the High Sierras of California. His next picture for Paramount is called "The World and the Flesh," a Russian story with our Miriam Hopkins playing the lureski of the fleshski

The Most BEAUTIFUL



NUMBER SIX:—Billie Dove has been beautiful on the screen for many years, and yet she is more comely today than ever before. Her unique gift is to transmute to golden beauty every fleeting expression. She never looks unprepared nor worries about a camera



NUMBER THREE:—Marlene Dietrich. There is a refinement in the lines and relative size of her features which makes Marlene's face appear exquisite to the point of delicacy. Hers is not a robust beauty but it is particularly appealing and is a graceful setting for tragedy. The chiseled jaw line, the articulated nostrils tell a story of character to each observer.



NUMBER ONE:—Garbo. Why? Because her good looks are as regular as a master sculptor's dream; and, more than that, because her face is always expressive of emotion within. Never can she hide her heart. Perhaps this is the reason that she fears to be seen for she knows that her every thought may be read.

6 in PICTURES



NUMBER FIVE:—Joan Crawford. Drama-face! Dramatic Joan! She can pose for a still portrait with the same riotous abandon that puts her through her screen pictures. To look at Joan is an inspiration. She breathes ambition and belief and flings her beauty into the face of every emotion and dominates them all. Joan of Arc must have looked like this

MURRELL

NUMBER FOUR:—Norma Shearer. No doubt Norma is one of the most intelligent girls on the screen, and hers is the type of mind that recognizes the emptiness of baubles of fame and the lasting joy of home and baby. All of which seems to show in this lovely mouth and in the calm and sane gaze with which her grey eyes look out at one



NUMBER TWO:—Madge Evans. There is a breath of flowers and happiness about her loveliness. She is beautiful in the sense that a rose is beautiful. There is no line which does not seem to express youth, nor any plane or surface without charm for the eye of the beholder. Such a face is created to inspire love



GENE
RAYMOND

BLONDE girls have been getting it all their own way in pictures, but now that Gene Raymond has come through with his great performance in "Ladies of the Big House" the yellow hair peril is distinctly masculine and long may it wave—yep, natural, and he is too



PERENC

JOAN BLONDELL

"THE Crowd Roars" is a logical title for a picture with Joan Blondell and, sure enough, that's it. The little Joan person is blonde, beautiful and has that intimate "just you and me" atmosphere which made her's the most sympathetic part in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them." She is the star of "Miss Pinkerton," which is the picture from Mary Roberts Rinehart's story



LUPE VELEZ
and
MELVYN DOUGLAS

BELOW is Melvyn Douglas and the smiling Lupe Velez. In "The Broken Wing" he is an aviator and when his plane crashes in the little Mexican town ruled by Lupe's bandit sweetheart it is just too bad for Melvyn's heart action



LUPE VELEZ and LEO CARILLO

MAKING a scene in "The Broken Wing" and using the new kind of film which permits the players to work in comfort without being toasted by the tremendous lamps they used to have. Lupe is hot enough without that, goodness knows!

LONGWORTH

RICHE



MARION DAVIES

"POLLY of the Circus" furnishes Marion Davies with many great opportunities, but one of them at least is so moving and emotional we wonder that no one has ever before realized the screen value of words of love



MARION DAVIES and CLARK MARSHALL

HAVE you ever wondered what they talk about up there on the narrow perch just before they take those terrifying leaps in mid-air? See the mike which hears all, and beautiful Marion whose "Polly" will set your heart swinging from the trapeze of tears to the net of laughter

THIS is a set in "Grand Hotel" but not a scene. The actors are posing together for an informal off-stage shot, to show that they are not consumed with jealousy nor oblivious to the fact that they are the greatest collection of talented people ever cast together. The Director, Edmund Goulding, in center at top beside Joan Crawford. Lionel Barrymore resents something, Lewis Stone turns his disfigured face away, while John Barrymore and Wally Beery take it as it comes.

BROWN



HURRELL

Garbo is Grusinskaya, the d...
quence when she finds the...
he is i...



Lionel as the poor sick
man, Kringelein, who makes
friends with Flämmchen and
the Baron—Joan Crawford
and John Barrymore



HURRELL

Little Flämmchen, as played by Joan Crawford, will become the most talked of rôle in the play. Here is Wallace Beery, the German Preysing, discussing terms with the little light o' love

He is a part of the se-
room and believes that

GRAND HOTEL"



COBURN

JOHN DARROW

WE HAVE been watching with interest the on-coming John Darrow—ever since "Hell's Angels" in fact. His work for Radio was refreshingly masculine and his appearance in "Fanny Foley Herself" and "The Bargain" won him a considerable following. You'll be seein' a great deal of him in the months to come



WYNNE GIBSON

IF YOU remember "Ladies of the Big House" you will recall the wonderful performance that Miss Gibson gave. It burst prison walls and got her a nice part in "Two Kinds of Women" in which she was the other kind and achieved a degree of tipsyness that was just enough and not too much, and you know how hard that is to do



RICHEE

TOM DOUGLAS

ONE of Paramount's young men is Tom Douglas, and in his part in "Sky Brides" he continues the work so brilliantly begun in "The Road to Reno." The bit that Tom had in "Broken Lullaby" was intense and convincing. He was the German boy who was killed, or the Lullaby that was Broken, as we say now with the new title



PHYF

SALLY EILERS

WHILE Sally Eilers will be a very important part of the Fox production "Disorderly Conduct," along with Spencer Tracy and Ralph Bellamy, for us she still is "Bad Girl" and her excellent performance in "Dance Team" we recall with delight. Sally is that slight and willowy figure of a girl the debutante world loves



Elissa Landi looks as if she just stepped out of one of Goya's paintings as she reclines on her window seat in this informal dinner frock of black Spanish lace. Maybe there's a duenna lurking in the background, for Elissa's looking pretty haughty in her tiny lace hat and infinitesimal shoulder cape. Elbow-length lace mitts carry out the old-world ensemble

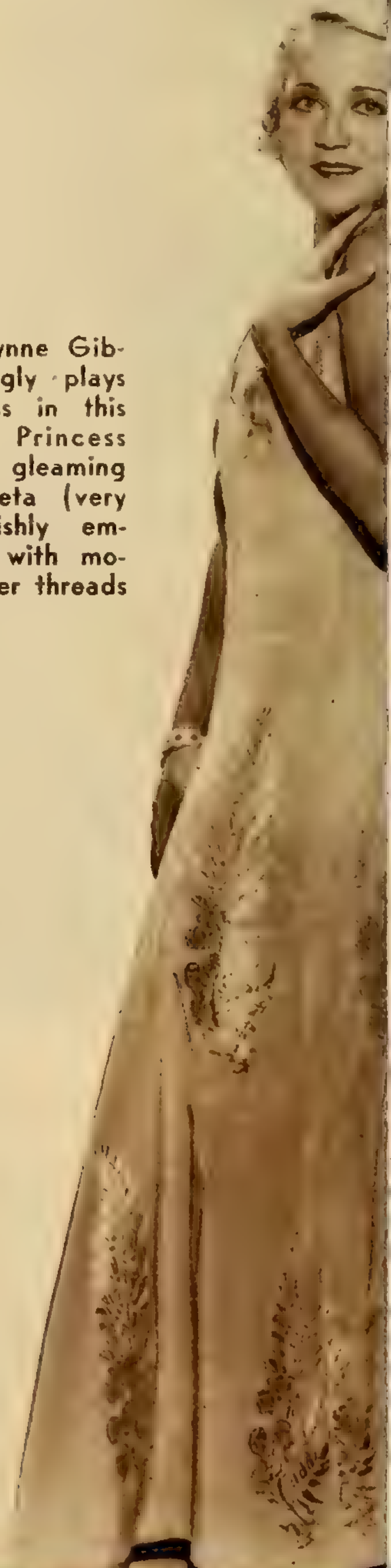


Constance Cummings as a triple threat. At left, in her new sports dress of smooth, dull-fenced wool in its daring combination of red and white with tiny lines of deep blue in the trimming. In center, Constance in a unique frock of India material. The design is executed in nut brown and white. At right, she wears a revealing water-blue evening gown, with a glittering circular cape of sequins much favored by the Parisian designers this Spring. Constance varies the model by having one side droop over the shoulder, like an old-fashioned bertha, while the other frankly forms a sleeve



Joan Bennett, looking demure and modest in her new Spring suit of roughly woven tan wool. The collar and jabot of her tailored white satin blouse peek out shyly. Joan's trig little sports hat is of brown reindeer cloth, a suède-finished fabric very popular this Spring

Lovely Wynne Gibson smilingly plays the hostess in this dignified Princess gown of gleaming white taffeta (very new) lavishly embroidered with motifs of silver threads



The
TALENTED
SCREEN WOMEN
EXPRESS their
CULTURE in
their COSTUMES



Ann Harding is ready for a busy day in this midnight blue corded wool coat that smartly silhouettes her slim figure. Contrasting powder blue corded wool fashions the flattering wide revers. A clever rough straw turban and high-heeled kid opera pumps of midnight blue complete her costume



Carole Lombard nonchalantly says "envy me" as she relaxes in the warmth of the desert sun at Palm Springs in her luxurious pajamas of lustrous tea-rose satin. The wild-rose, all-over design is carried out in a luscious pink and the low-cut bodice is the same color. A black velvet girdle encircles her waist with the correct amount of savoir faire and a three-quarter length coat is waiting to be donned in case the sun proves too hearty

This cleverly cut dress in smartly striped hunter's green and white crêpe, with an adjustable scarf tied carelessly at the throat, is worn by bright-eyed Jill Esmond, who hails from Merrie England but is now making pictures in our own Hollywood. With it Jill wears a white crochet béret with a perky little bow of hunter's green



No wonder Maureen O'Sullivan is smiling so prettily. For she's decked out in a snappy little yachting pajama suit of bright green and beige smooth wool. This is a striking color combination much in evidence at the fashionable watering resorts this year. A scarf of the same materials protects her throat from the sea breezes and a pert béret keeps her hair from flying

News PICTURES



INTERNATIONAL

WHEN Tom Mix married he picked a circus girl—Mabel Ward—so home now is incomplete without traveling rings on the lawn and sawdust in the coffee. Things have been happening fast with Tom lately. He nearly signed off entirely with appendicitis, then he started riding again in films ("Destry Rides Again") and then he got an up-side-down wife. But Tom keeps his saddle through it all and the affection of nine million youngsters



ACME

Ben Lyon and the Missus and the fat little Barbara Bebe. The baby looks a lot like her mother, doesn't she? She's on her way to be christened and she is five months old

Lily Damita, escorted by Sidney Smith, arrives at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood for a premiere. To see and be seen



PICTURE PEOPLE



Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller (Bobby Arnst) greet their friends as they pass the microphone before entering the theatre. Johnny's "Tarzan" is expected to start a rush of champions towards the cameras



ACME

An adoring fan gave Marlene Dietrich a gorgeous silk scarf and she wore it to the party. It has Marlene's name embroidered on it. Perhaps this will start a fad and you can put your name on your garters and undies, safe in the knowledge that Marlene does it



The mike listens, the cameras click and the premiere waits while the very ladylike Norma Shearer smiles at us, confident that no one has a gayer orchid than hers. How becoming that clipped hairdress is

Jackie Cooper is staying up late to see the premiere of Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro in "Mata Hari," to pick up a few points on love-making technique



There is a new girl in town. Out at Universal Studio Miss Tala Birell, former Viennese stage and screen star, and Luis Trenker, Alpine mountaineer and director, greet Carl Laemmle, President of Universal





LIPPMAN

LORETTA YOUNG

A GREAT part of the success of "Taxi" was due to Loretta's charm and her determined handling of Cagney. While it didn't control the little scrapper's pugnacious spirit, it gave Loretta that serious quality which best brings out her appeal. "Hatchet Man" was just a waste of Loretta, but "Play Girl" may have the great chance in it which she deserves

LADIES for LENSES!

Rochelle Hudson

An Oklahoma
Hot-cha-cha!

SEVENTEEN years in Claremore, Oklahoma, were quite enough for little Rochelle Hudson. So she ditched high school, and following in the footsteps of her home town boyfriend, Will Rogers, she picked on Hollywood. Well, why not? Will made a great success so. . . .

"Oh, yeah?" muttered the girls back home peevishly. "Hollywood is just *pinning* for our Rochelle. Rochelle purchased a pair of ear-muffs and drowned their din, with the result that she is now that almost forgotten rarity—a Hollywood Cinderella Girl. For all unaided she fought for a screen test and by her ability and charm won a long term contract with R-K-O.

Small bits were her share at first. Soon came an important part in "Fanny Foley Herself" and then the choicest plum of all—a fat rôle in "Are These Our Children?" With this came recognition.

Rochelle is five feet three inches in height and has dark brown eyes and hair. She speaks French fluently and has just a trace of Southern accent.

She admits she's simply crazy about acting, but while this part of her Hollywood life may be "great fun," she's got her darker moments. For Mamma came along and insisted that Rochelle keep up her school work, tough luck.



Mary Doran

She Took Psychology Under
Ziegfeld, Oboyoboyoboy!

EVERYBODY agrees that Mary's legs are swell. She's a great little actress too. And when it comes to beauty—well, all you've got to do is look at Mary's auburn locks, laughing brown eyes and five feet two of pulchritude to know that the girl's all there.

She's got brains, also. Uhuh! S'truth! Way back (in 1924 or 5) Mary went to Columbia to study psychology and romance languages. All her friends in those old days wore long hair and soulful looks. Mary was a bit on the dreamy side herself.

Fortunately for us, however, she loved to dance and soon found a tasty niche for herself in "Rio Rita." Like all good Ziegfeld students she went to Hollywood and did her darndest to make good.

The road's been tough but Mary has stood it well. Came small parts in a number of pictures and recently she was cast in Warners' "Union Depot" and "A Little Church Mouse."

Those long-haired days at Columbia have been left far behind. Mary's learned how to play again. She adores parties, horseback riding and dancing. But she wants you to understand that no matter how gay she gets she's still true to her first love—psychology! Don't forget that, you wiseacres, who judge a girl by her legs!





Elissa Landi and Alexander Kirkland in "The Devil's Lottery." Kirkland is the young man Hollywood is watching. He attracted attention by his performance in "Surrender"

JANET GAYNOR and her mother and hubby Lydell Peck are vacationing for three weeks at Palm Springs, in the desert, and Janet is getting a good coat of tan before starting "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Janet has just returned from a three months' vacation in Europe. Oh, for the life of a movie star.

NANCY CARROLL inherited red hair and a grand sense of humor from the Irish Lahiffs. When asked by an interviewer once what her life's ambition was she tossed off gaily, "Oh, I'd like to be shot at ninety by a jealous husband."

WHEN Fox gave George O'Brien a new contract and a short vacation he rushed to New York to celebrate with Marguerite Churchill, who is starring in a play on Broadway. George is always "fallink in luff again" but this time it looks like the real thing—though they make pretty good imitations these days.

DESPITE all rumors Marlene Dietrich has no intention of returning to the Fatherland any time soon. She has just rented Pola Negri's beach house at Malibu and is preparing for a long, hot summer. Bebe Daniels is her landlord.

ANN DVORAK and Leslie Fenton are going places together.

Phil Holmes and Florence Rice are seen everywhere you look. And quite easy on the eyes they are too.

Loretta Young has everyone guessing. Is it or is it? Some say it's Herbert Somborn (one of Gloria Swanson's early marriage interludes) who will lead Loretta to the altar ere the robins nest again, and there are those who say the lucky bridegroom will be one of the Raphael boys who is loaded with lucre. He sings to her while they dance at the Cocanut Grove and it's just too sweet for words. Herbert doesn't sing, and he can't croon, but when Loretta's with him she doesn't seem to mind.

And Grant Withers who only yesterday it seems was "my life, my love, my all" with Loretta is now muchly attracted to Peggy Joyce. Yes, the Peggy Joyce. Grant and Peggy met while he was on a personal

appearance tour in New York and immediately they fell for each other. Grant came back to Hollywood—and Peggy decided she'd take another look at the Gold Coast. And are the yokels talking!

A LADY who wanted to learn about pictures walked onto the "Symphony of Six Million" set at the R-K-O studio and was simply amazed to see about fifteen little children sitting around tables. The "school for blind children" scene was being taken. "Mercy," exclaimed the visitor, "where do all these children come from?" "From the stork," answered Irene (poise) Dunne pleas-

in Central America. Paul Lukas will appear opposite her and Richard Wallace will direct.

DESPITE the fact that Renee Adoree will be discharged from the sanitarium at Prescott, Arizona, this Spring, she cannot resume her picture career for a long while. After leaving Prescott, she will have to reside in a high altitude—and Hollywood is only a few feet above sea level.

DID you know that Tom Mix fought in three wars? He did. Spanish American war, in China during the Boxer rebellion



Wide World

Janet Gaynor, her husband Lydell Peck, Charles Farrell, and Mrs. Farrell snapped at Palm Springs, California, where Janet is acquiring a very becoming coat of tan

antly and went about her business of being a teacher.

AFTER an absence of almost two years during which time she studied both singing and voice culture, Colleen Moore, now "fit as a fiddle," has instructed her Hollywood agents to negotiate a studio contract for her. And at this writing it looks like we'll have Colleen back with us this summer.

GLORIA SWANSON and Mike (fourth husband) Farmer are now deep in the snow country of Switzerland. The baby is expected in April. Gloria already has two children, one by adoption and one by science.

"THUNDER BELOW" will be Tallulah Bankhead's next starring vehicle for Paramount. It is an adventure novel laid

and with the British army in the Boer war, at the siege of Ladysmith. During the World War he did recruiting service.

WILLIAM B. LEEDS, the young tinplate millionaire, may have been Raquel Torres' escort while she was in New York, but Charlie Feldman, the handsome attorney, was at the station waiting for her when she returned to Hollywood. Yes, Charlie and Raquel are still engaged.

JOAN CRAWFORD is crazy about fried apples. But don't send her any through the mail.

OLE MASSA Gary Cooper is due back in Hollywood just any day now. While over in the African jungle he shot lions and lions and super lions (whatever they are) and he floated up and down Cleopatra's Nile, and made whoopee in Egypt in the

TOWN TOPICS

from page 17]

grand manner. So now he declares that he has lost his anemia and his indigestion and is all ready for work again at the Paramount film studio. Paramount has decided to team him with the glamorous Tallulah in a sea story tentatively called "Sirens and Tritons." What think you of that, fans? Do you want to see your favorite long, lean, lanky hero hugging the Bankhead gal?

M-G-M is now busy making "Limpy," which is Jackie Cooper's next picture, with Chic Sale important in the cast. Instead of making this picture on a studio set M-G-M has rented a house in Culver City and furnished it from attic to cellar. Despite the fact that the house is in the midst of a thickly populated neighborhood, and it was Saturday afternoon, not a single kid or grown-up was hanging over the fence watching Jackie make his picture. It's an old, old story to Culver City.

DIRECTOR VAN DYKE, who recently completed "Tarzan" for M-G-M, has built himself a home in Brentwood Heights.

THEY say that Lupe Velez and Ben Finney danced the best rhumba in Hollywood. Perhaps it was through her exhibition of skill in this hotsy-totsy dance that Lupe found herself invited to play an important part in Maestro Ziegfeld's newest musical, "Hot Chal!"

SHOOTING on "State's Attorney" has been indefinitely postponed until John Barrymore gets his profile healed. John was in a terrible automobile accident recently and was pretty badly bruised.

ANDY CLYDE and Lucien Littlefield are most deceptive. They play middle-aged men in pictures and they are both handsome young Lotharios.

THE late Lon Chaney's son has given up the plumbing business and become an actor—much against his mother's and father's wishes. Radio is making great plans for his debut picture. Noah Beery's son has signed up with Universal and papa Noah is quite proud.

THIS said in these parts that Dracula and Frankenstein were strolling along Hollywood Boulevard when they saw Groucho Marx flapping along. They took one look and ran.

A WINCHELLETTE you may have missed—"When Dick Arlen makes love to Nancy Carroll in 'Wayward'—boy, he's acting!"

GENEVIEVE TOBIN is telling it on herself at the Embassy Club these days and it makes a good story too. It seems that Genevieve, in the very latest sports attire from the New York shops, dropped in on a visit to friends one evening and found them with a party of their friends all ready to set out on a night of dancing at the Cocoanut Grove. They urged Genevieve to join them but she declined saying that as they were in formal dress she would look decidedly out-of-place in her sports clothes. But they continued to insist and she continued to decline, and it looked as if a dead-lock had been reached when one of the beautiful and dumb sought to save the situation by piping up with, "If you'll feel more comfortable, Miss Tobin, I'll run home and put on something funny looking too!"

IF YOU are not feeling so good, go to the movies and see the doctor. "Arrow-smith," "Alias the Doctor" and "Impatient Maiden" are all very medical and all good.



The real schoolroom of the Hal Roach "Our Gang" kids on the M-G-M lot. Three year old "Spanky" and Pete the Pup are only permitted because of Mrs. Fern Carter's appreciation of their photographic excellence

Van is one of those rabid nature lovers who can pronounce every word in a seed catalogue, and whose idea of a good time is potting about with flora and fauna. Now, when the local gentry got into the habit of parking their Rolls in a bed of tulips or backing into a rare Iris Germanica Van got mad. He proceeded to lock half of his gate so that no one could drive in unless on horseback. One night he heard the chugging of a motor in his driveway and in a great rage he flung open his door and demanded to know what scoundrel had broken his gate down. But it was only pretty little Bobbe Arnst (Johnny Weissmuller's wife) in her cute baby Austin. When the French general said, "They shall not pass" he wasn't talking about Austins.

WHEN Richard Bennett's company of "Cyrano de Bergerac" opened in a nearby town Joan and Gene Markey went to see papa act on the opening night. Joan nestled her head on Gene's stalwart shoulder all during the play. It's all right, girls, a Bennett does it.

GARBO and Mrs. Berthold Viertel (the wife of her favorite director) attended the Mary Wigman dance recital the other night and almost trampled the poor public beneath their feet in their mad stampede for exits. Nice people won't hurt you, Garbo.

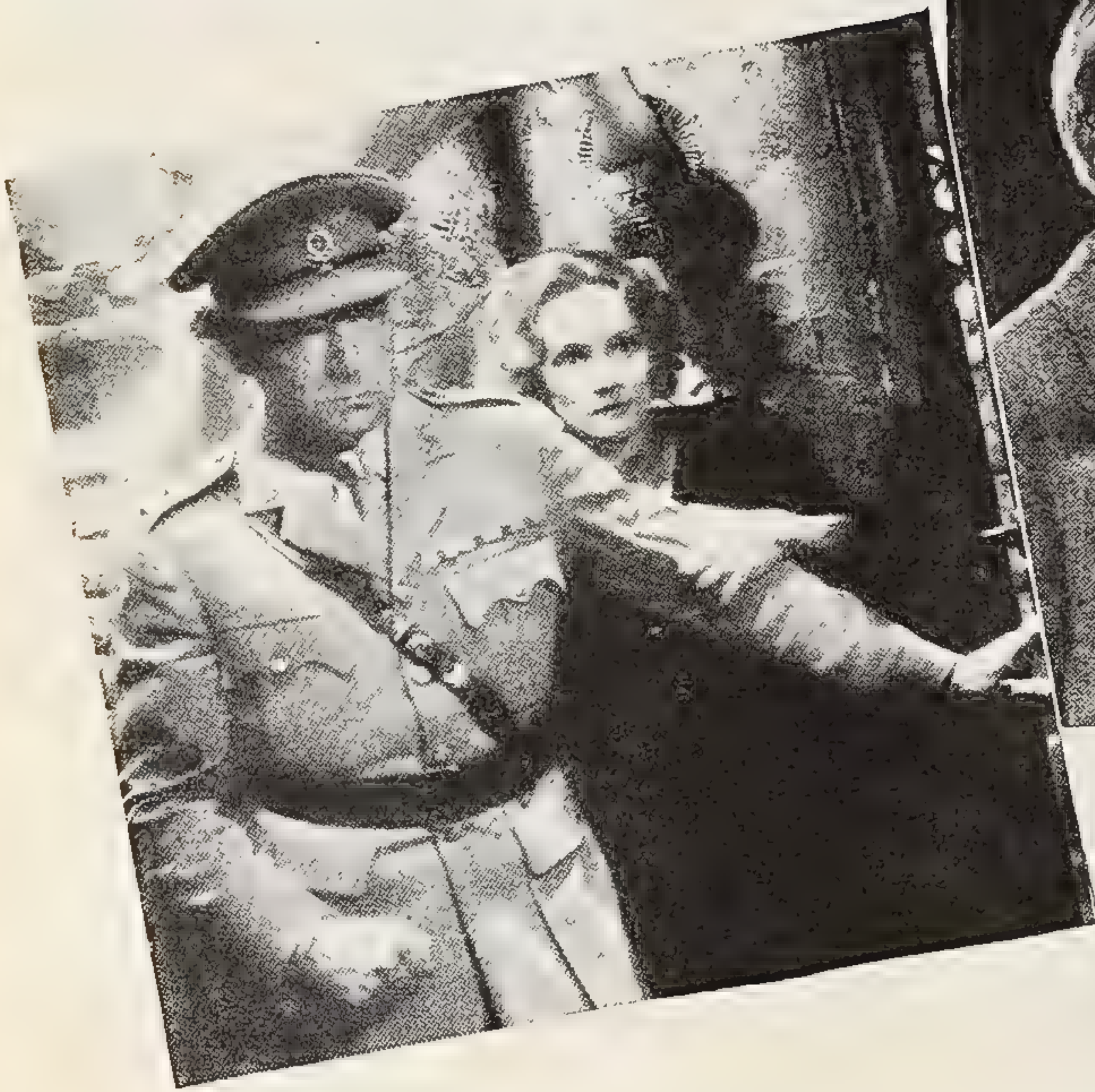
Marie Dressler was at the Wigman recital too, but she didn't go in for tramping.



Marian Nixon and Warner Baxter snapped while walking from the dressing rooms to Stage 9, at Movietone City, where they are currently working

Silver Screen's Reviewing Stand

Clive Brook and Marlene Dietrich in "Shanghai Express"



SHANGHAI EXPRESS

Rating: MARVELOUS—Paramount

THE return of Marlene Dietrich has been eagerly awaited. This picture has a different quality from her former films and, due to the war in the East, has a timeliness which has helped the box office. Fundamentally, however, it is grand entertainment.

"Shanghai Lily" is a lady (concerning whom there is no uncertainty) who had once upon a time truly loved Clive Brook. In fact she still loves him but unforgivable chapters in her life kill her hopes. Clive risks his life for her, and she returns the gallant gesture, which shows that their memories linger.

This romance is a very small part of the picture; in fact the lovely Marlene is but a small part of the picture. For the on-rushing train and the wonderful atmosphere of far places capture the interest and hold the attention. The good old melodrama of Warner Oland as a Chinese bandit seems authentic of the East, and the train moves steadily onward to finally reach a place in your regard that is unique. Director von Sternberg has made a wonderful picture and Dietrich is greater than ever.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

Rating: FUNNY—Fox

WILL ROGERS is the Yankee with no culture but a lot of wit. He goes to Europe on business and a large part of the action takes place on the ship. This gives Joel McCrea a moment or two with Peggy Ross, who looks pretty good and seems to be due for a career. Dorothy Peterson is the wife of Will Rogers, and her performance is delightful. The return of Jetta Goudal, as a vamp employed by the business rivals, is a welcome touch.

If Rogers is not quite as funny as he has sometimes been, he is always entertaining and full of surprises. We never think of Will as an actor. His own personality dominates the rôles he plays, so it was startling to "hear" him disguised as the crystal-gazing bearded prophet. You will hardly know him.



George Arliss and Bette Davis in "The Man Who Played God"

THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD

Rating: FINE—Warners

GEORGE ARLISS, in this picture from Gouveneur Morris' story, is a great concert pianist who falls under the family curse of deafness. Arliss, quite in character as the elderly matinee idol, resents his affliction but is saved from despair by learning lip reading. The park adjacent, viewed through field glasses, reveals many dramas. He reads the lips of the hopeless as they tell their troubles one to the other, and before long he is secretly sending them help. This is naturally very surprising to them and Arliss gets a lot of fun out of playing God instead of the piano. One day he reads his fiancée's lips and then he discovers how human he really is. Bette Davis is the girl, and is good. Arliss is remarkable. He makes the picture seem much more important than it really is.

DISORDERLY CONDUCT

Rating: EXCELLENT—Fox

GET out your comfortable shoes with the low heels, for you'll probably have to stand in line two hours before you can get inside the theatre to see this one. It's ACTION in caps and italics. They used to make pictures like this in the old silent days.

Spencer Tracy plays an ambitious young motorcycle cop who believes that honesty is the best policy. He nobly turns down bribe money from bootleggers and runs in a swell looking dame who sasses him when he gives her a ticket for speeding. But the gal turns out to be Sally Eilers, cherished daughter of the local big shot, who goes in for society and class, and at Sally's instigation he has Spencer demoted.

Spencer burns at the injustice and starts chiseling with a vengeance. There are gangsters and society girls and raids, and the grand pay-off comes when Spencer finds Sally in the room with a dead man. Ah, revenge at last! There's a swell ending. The entire cast is splendid with bouquets going to Spencer Tracy, Sally Eilers and Ralph Bellamy. And don't forget little Dickie Moore who has the most important part he has had in his brief career.

James Kirkwood and Joan Bennett in "She Wanted a Millionaire"



SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE

Rating: FAIR—Fox

JOAN BENNETT looked so appealing as "the daughter of the poor," and then, later, as the winner of the Atlantic City Beauty Contest, that Spencer Tracy's love for her was quite easy to believe. He made it convincing, too! James Kirkwood was the millionaire who bought his beautiful wife and then guarded her with such fervor that his mind cracked under the strain—at least that is the only explanation we have for his idea of feeding Joan to the great Danes.

The picture has many interesting scenes and, taken all in all, is a very entertaining setting for Joan. Una Merkel has a nice part, although her desire for a boy friend seemed overworked. Joan Bennett is very pretty and conveys a timid, gentle quality that is attractive.

THE IMPATIENT MAIDEN

Rating: GOOD—Universal

LEW AYRES is a serious young man. It is this seriousness that gives his pictures interest and gives every plot situation in which he finds himself suspense and drama. It also makes attractive Mr. Ayres one of the best bets among the younger men.

He tells the charming Mae Clarke that his love is greater than any biological urge. To give in would make them both "just a couple of police court cases," he says, voicing the most modern thought of the Moderns. Sex is something, but it is not all.

The young doctor (Lew) cannot get married because he has not enough money while he is serving his internship in a hospital. Mae does not want to wait. They part. If we tell you that Mae is stricken and rushed to a hospital where her life is despaired of, could you tell us who the smart young doctor is who performs the successful operation?

Incidentally, the picture makes you understand a little about the microbe battle that ceaselessly goes on. However, Lew has the microbe that Hollywood needs. He is SERIOUS.

[Continued on page 48]

Is 29 an age to DREAD?

Screen Stars know the Secret
of *keeping* Youthful Charm

TWENTY-NINE — nearing thirty! Is that an age to dread? The screen stars say no!

"I'm 29," says Anita Stewart. "But I don't dread my next birthday a bit. No woman needs to look old if she is willing to take sensible care of her skin. Since I discovered Lux Toilet

Soap I never worry about my skin."

"I'm 29," says Esther Ralston. "No one need fear birthdays. Women on the screen, of course, *must* keep their youthful charm. And a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary! For years I've used Lux Toilet Soap and I think

my complexion is younger looking than ever."

Countless other lovely stars agree with these two favorites!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of Hollywood's 694 important actresses, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant soap, which is so beautifully *white* no other soap can rival it! It is the official soap in *all* the big film studios. You will want to try it.

"I am 29.."
Esther Ralston



Photograph by Russell Ball, 1931

ESTHER RALSTON, the lovely star who owns Esther's Beauty Salon in Hollywood. "A young-looking skin is absolutely necessary," she says. "That's why I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years."

"I am 29.."
Anita Stewart



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, 1931

ANITA STEWART, charming screen favorite, says: "From the day I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I've never worried about my skin. With this nice white soap I keep it smooth—so easily!"

LUX Toilet Soap — 10¢

Silver Screen's Reviewing Stand

[Continued from page 46]

Richard Arlen and Nancy Carroll in "Wayward"



WAYWARD

Rating: EXCELLENT—Paramount

ONCE in a while they give Nancy Carroll a part that reveals the wonderful little actress that she is. This story is the old one in which the chorus girl charms the rich boy and "friend mother-in-law" breaks up the marriage. She over-reaches herself when she hides the fact that pathetic little Nancy came back home one night and was turned away. When husband Dick Arlen finds this out, there is a kiss-closeup that puts the picture away among your pleasant memories.

The picture shows that Nancy is really a fine little actress with a wonderful voice, and that when she wants to she can dominate. Pauline Frederick, as the mother-in-law, gives Nancy her chance to become assertive. Dick hated his rôle.

PRESTIGE

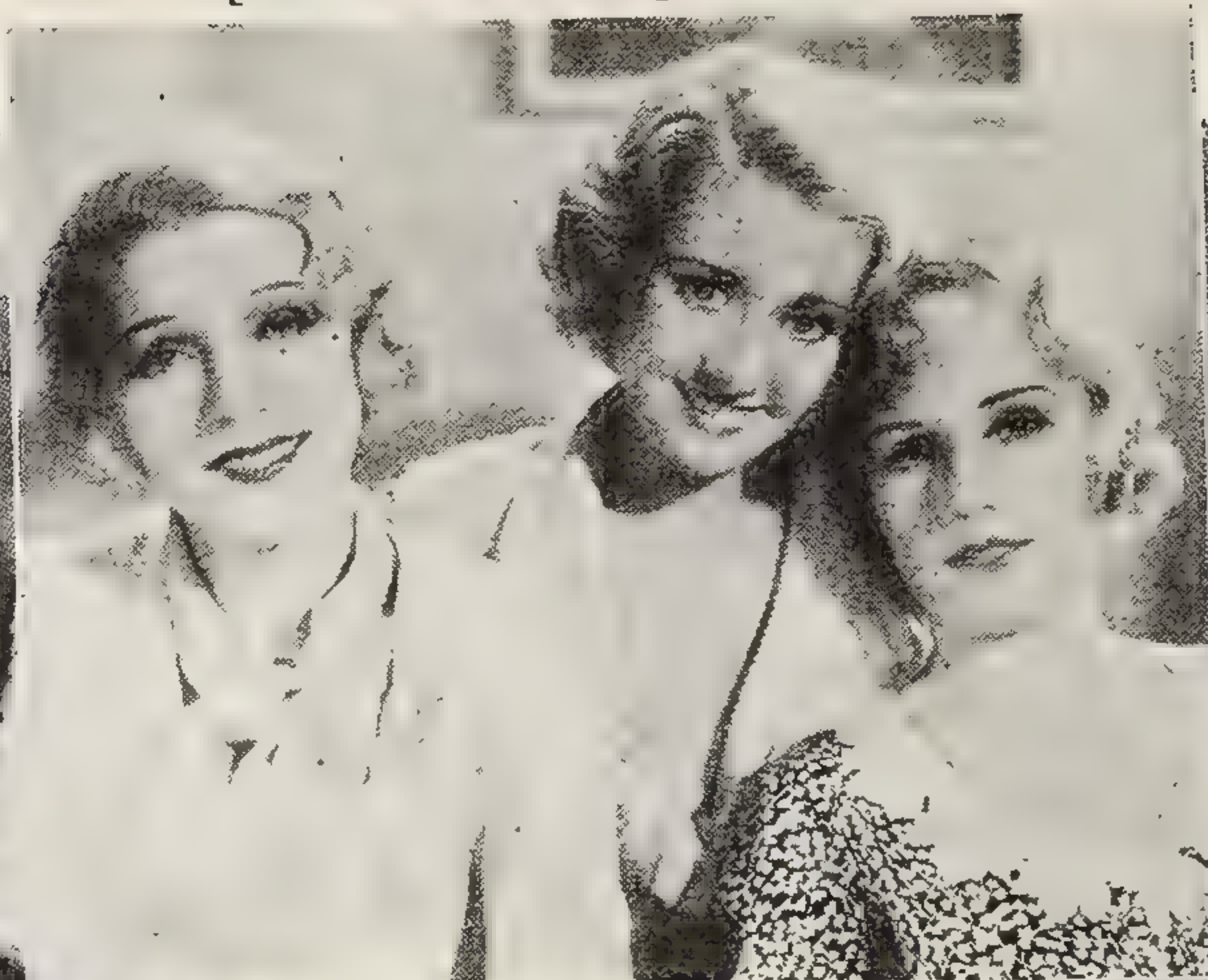
Rating: FAIR—R-K-O-Pathe

WHILE this picture is more of a Melvyn Douglas picture than it is an Ann Harding picture, Ann does have her moments. Adolphe Menjou is the sly villain. The whole story is concerned with some outpost of France and our hero is left to rot among the primitives. His wife, Ann, goes to him and awakens in him a realization of his moral decay. When the villain has almost completed our hero's degradation the memory of the prestige of the white race reclaims him. Not the picture best suited to Ann.

THE HATCHET MAN

Rating: GOOD—Warners

WE MUST say that Edward L. Robinson succeeds in making his Hatchet Man good dramatic entertainment, and we were prepared to do some hatchet work ourselves. He makes this tong executioner quite human and torn by conflicting desires. Leslie Fenton, who is our favorite young man menace, entices Loretta Young, the young bride of Robinson, from her husband while the Hatchet Man is about his appointed calling. If Chinese dialect allee samce bores you, be assured that there is no pidgin-English in this.



Ina Claire, Joan Blondell and Madge Evans in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them"

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM

Rating: EXCELLENT—United Artists

THREE girls, Ina Claire, Joan Blondell and Madge Evans are gold-diggers of a highly professional sort. The story of their friendship for one another, and their plans and battles to get hold of the money of susceptible men, forms a story that is light and delightful.

Zoe Akins wrote the original play. Lowell Sherman is the director, and also plays a part. He has a flair for this type of picture and, with the assistance of these three talented girls, makes a charmingly gay comedy. True love finds its way into the story and David Manners carries his share of the honors, but the three girls are the whole thing, with Joan Blondell coming out a little ahead.

HELL'S HOUSE

Rating: GOOD—(B. F. Zeidman)

THIS is Junior Durkin's picture and just a bad day for Pat O'Brien, so far as the characters which they play are concerned. Junior has the loyal-though-ignorant part and Pat has the unpleasant job of double-crossing the boy. He goes noble at the end, if that fixes it with you. A villain who glories in his baseness is always good company, but a man who does the dirty work and still is charming is hard to take. Notice Bette Davis in this—for she has caught on. It is the story of the inside of a reformatory for boys and is ghastly entertainment, but entertainment none the less.

THE SILENT WITNESS

Rating: FINE—Fox

THIS is a murder story with a trial scene. It marks the first appearance of Lionel Atwill on the screen and he is a distinct addition to the limited number of gentlemen in pictures. The plot of this story is so good that you do not have to pretend to be mystified. You really do not suspect the logical murderer. It is interesting, for one reason, because the court is an English be-wigged affair. Thoroughly entertaining.

Lillian Bond and Joe E. Brown in "Fireman Save My Child!"



FIREMAN SAVE MY CHILD!

Rating: DELIGHTFUL—First National

THERE isn't a child and there isn't a very exciting fire, but BOY is there a fireman! Joe E. Brown is the lad who loves the ladders and the hose, and there are a couple o' girls that Joe has a hard time saying "no" to and, true to his profession, they are burning. Evalyn Knapp is the sweet and good girl and Lillian Bond is the little siren.

If we tell you that Joe is a baseball player with natural talent, and that there's a wind-up that is worth the price of admission, you will think it's a baseball picture, or if you consider Joe as an inventor of a fire extinguisher you still will not be entirely right—for Joe is a comedian.

The laughs are plentiful enough to keep you happy and there is plot enough to keep up the suspense. A fine, clean and decent humorous picture. Good boy, Joe.

IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS

Rating: GOOD—First National

THERE are plenty of laughs in Young Doug's picture and, after all, what more can you ask. Doug, looking very Charles Augustus Lindberghish, because of a minor incident of bravery on the high seas, finds himself when he reaches New York hailed by frenzied millions as the Man-of-the-Moment. He's given the keys of the city by Mayor Walker, banquets, receptions, etc., etc., and every time he turns around he bumps into newspaper reporters, moving picture cameras, and autograph hounds. Everything he does appears in headlines. He marries Mary Brian and tries to settle down to a nice quiet home life but what with press agents and nosey reporters there is no peace. Their marriage smashes up on the rock of Publicity and Doug gets sullen and Mary gets impossible. But after much childish bickering they make up and start on another honeymoon without benefit of publicity, only to have Doug save the life of an old couple, be acclaimed a hero, and have the whole darn thing start over again. Doug Jr. gives an easy and realistic performance but Mary Brian has gone terribly southern on us and is quite difficult to understand.

Try *Seventeen Youth-tone
Powder, Rouge and Lipstick*
... if you would

**BE SEVENTEEN
TONIGHT**

LIPSTICK

in the smooth-spreading texture, the youth-tone coloring, that you've always wanted! Moisten your lips before applying, and the lipstick becomes indelible. Three shades.



ROUGE

in Youth-Tone shades, to match the soft tints of Seventeen Lipstick. The smart cases match, too, making a purse ensemble of charm and distinction.



POWDER

that is radiantly different from ordinary powders! Two weights of powder create a variation of color tones, giving an effect of youthful transparency.



Watch Seventeen's coloring bloom again in your complexion

THE most exciting beauty discovery you ever made is contained right here on this page! For here is news of make-up preparations—based on a new ideal—to accomplish results that you never dreamed make-up could accomplish!

Seventeen is their name. And the name explains their purpose—to reproduce in your complexion the actual color tones of seventeen!

All the glamour—the soft, natural tones—the subtle, elusive tints—are there. Seventeen even found a way to reproduce that delicate transparency of youthful skin in powder! (Seventeen calls this principle *Two-Tone*.)

Seventeen

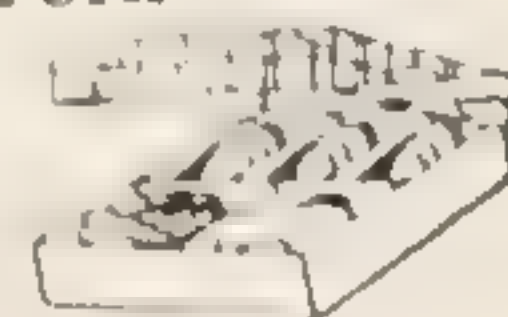
Don't be satisfied with ordinary make-up any more. Don't tolerate harsh lipsticks that have none of the lure of youth... rouge so artificial it can deceive no one... powder that often seems actually aging to the skin.

Try Seventeen! Seventeen Powder, Rouge and Lipstick for quick, youthful beauty. And use the refreshing Seventeen creams daily to keep your skin youthfully soft and supple. Prices will delight you, if you've thought fine toiletries must be expensive.

—Your Chance to try *Seventeen*!—

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I enclose 25c. Please send me "The Seventeen Way to Youthful Charm" with 5 Seventeen toiletries in miniature.



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City _____ State _____

Few, Indeed, Go Mad for Love!

[Continued from page 19]

break for you and me if sometimes they would forget to rush home to the little woman and would stray into an orchid boudoir and shout "Tonight or never!" But these paragons of virtue never stray, and certainly never shout. They wouldn't answer the phone if Garbo called, and they wouldn't go mad for love if Dietrich moved into the spare bedroom. Oh dear me, no. All of which, of course, makes them extremely poor copy. I'd as soon write about the Rover Boys.

Freddie March has always lived an honest and upright life and his courtship and marriage to Florence Eldridge was highly respectable. Florence was a capable actress on the New York stage but when Freddie heard the call to Hollywood she abandoned her career and like a dutiful wife accompanied him. Freddie doesn't live in grand style, he contents himself with a few luxuries, puts his money in the bank, and spends his evenings at home. And what would Valentino think of that?

There are rumors that Maurice Chevalier once led a rather assorted life in the old country, and gossips whisper "Mistinguette" and wink mysteriously. But whatever variety of sheik Chevalier may have been in France, in the United States, worse luck, he is simply a good husband trying to make a living. His visits here are as fraught with excitement as sponge cake is with sponges. Madame Chevalier (the former Yvonne Vallee) accompanies him whenever he makes a social appearance, which isn't often, as he seems to prefer to

sit in his hotel suite and figure up how much money he can make out of his next concert tour. He rarely uses that million dollar smile offstage. He hasn't been in the tabloids since he discovered America—which is a disappointing record for a Parisian.

Clark Gable, the great menace of '31-'32, is the nearest thing to a sheik we have in stock. But here again we have a man who loves his own fireside. He may push the girls roughly about on the screen and sock Joan on the nose and swing an upper cut to Norma's chin, but Mrs. Gable never shows any bruises or signs of wear and tear. At home the big brute is as docile as a lamb. Although Mrs. Gable is ten years his senior they seem to be a most congenial couple who enjoy simple pastimes. Though there are always those old meanies (hangovers from the golden age of indiscretion) who say that it's merely a publicity stunt. Maybe—and maybe not. In this goldfish bowl be sure your sins, if you have any, will find you out sooner or later.

There was some hope last year that Lew Ayres, who was the Big Moment with the flappers, might go in for ravishing, break up a few hearts and homes, and become a first class spurner of women. But he fell in love with blonde Lola Lane, rushed her off to the minister, lost his fire and passion, and became just another leading man. He goes mad—but alas, goes Yuma!

The situation gets more and more melancholy. Here are Chester Morris, Richard Arlen, Robert Montgomery, Neil

Hamilton, Charlie Farrell, Regis Toomey—all of them swell sheik material but it doesn't do you or me or Clara Bow any good. These lads are nice home-bodies who wind the clock and put the cat out at night. Even John Gilbert, the last of Passion's playmates, has settled down in the cool of the evening with a profound weariness for the ways of the world and women. Isn't it discouraging?

I hate to think that we women are getting so intelligent that we don't appreciate great lovers any more, and I hate to think that our movie stars are getting too phlegmatic and respectable to make great lovers any more, so why not let's blame the whole situation on the depression. How can anyone run up a temperature when steel has dropped to 45? And how can anyone work himself into a fine frenzy when he's wondering if he'll get a salary cut? And how can anyone go mad for love when a breach of promise suit costs so much money?

The talkies are higher mentally than the silents were. (Rin Tin Tin was a silent star.) The screen city, now populated by talented intelligent people, can no longer furnish the sexy, glamorous troubadour of yesteryear.

Oh for a sheik! The pale school marm of Oskaloosa once could read of the great lovers, sure of a blush or two, but now she will find more thrills in reading "The Rape of Shanghai" by the Nipponese, or perhaps Gary Cooper will tell about "How I Veldt in Africa."

The Girl Who Changed the Stars

[Continued from page 22]

Speed, always speed. Today her swift limousine transports her from peak to peak—airplanes lift her into the skies and from coast to coast—television, radio, telephotos carry her voice and image to the ends of the earth—and the ends of the earth listen attentively!

There is only one background for Jean Harlow, and that is the world. She is as international as air. As adaptable as water. The perfect cosmopolite—a product of a new age to come.

Follow her for a day and learn the vicissitudes of an idol's life. For it is punctuated with exercising, interviews, lunches, balls, teas, lectures, dances. She never rests, she never relaxes and yet she looks as if she had stepped from a mould at any time of the day.

She eats moderately what she likes, thinks nothing of dieting and yet her figure is the despair of a million adoring girls. She talks to hundreds of people a week, entertains and is entertained, and her conversation never lags a moment behind the newest witticism, the latest news, the most profitable diversions.

A Helen to launch a thousand airships (remember "Hell's Angels") she combines the pulchritudinous traits of a Godiva, who rode the streets of Coventry, with the intelligence of the lady from Troy. Orchids keep arriving at her door by the hour because she loves them. Gifts pour down on her head from a public that never lets up. And does Jean tire of it? She loves it. She eats it!

She's as cordial as a creditor. When I saw her last in her suite at a hotel in the Sixties, she had been through an ordeal of interviewers—women who wanted to know about her "inside life," which she assured them did not exist. They asked her what she ate, drank, smoked. They turned her over and over in their questioning like a

piece of beef at a barbecue, and prodded her, thinking that savory, gossipy juices would drip upon their pads to be transformed into italicized words.

But she is always the winner, for Jean, according to psychologists, is an extrovert, one without inhibitions, whose motives are all above board, whose movements are free and clean as the south wind.

One of her most amusing traits is her ability to disorganize anyone of affected mannerism. She is perfectly disarming and has a youthful naïveté that immediately may be changed into an appalling sophistication. She can be snooty with the best of them and chummy with the rest of them.

In her modern apartment in New York, gowned in her usual black silk *Lanvin*, scented with Guerlain's *Shalimar*, platinum haired, fingernails coated with red enamel, looking for all the world like something that might well have descended from another planet, she suddenly loosened herself from a mood of languorous contemplation to that of the little girl in Kansas City.

"Can you blow smoke rings?" she demanded of me.

I never blew a smoke ring in my life. I never thought about it until that moment. But when Jean Harlow asks you if you blow smoke rings, you blow smoke rings.

"Of course I do," I replied.

She handed me the cigarette she held in her hand, fresh from her crimson mouth. Then she knelt down on the rug, knelt in that magnificent piece of black silk that was her dress, and turned up her face.

"Now blow rings at me and I'll show you a trick," she told me.

As I said, I've never before thought about smoke rings, but my lips formed into a circle about the tip of the cigarette that Jean had smoked and a moment later there issued from me, much to my own surprise,

not to mention the cigarette's, a perfect smoke ring.

It floated lazily in the air, a perfect life ring of smoke, wavering slightly in the warm breeze of the room, when suddenly it seemed to spy Jean. Without an instant's hesitation it gravitated slowly toward her mouth, which was half opened, and then, to my great wonderment, floated exactly between her lips and into her mouth.

The secret of Jean's trick, of course, was not the magnetism she exerted on the ring, but the draft she created by sucking in air so that there was only one path for the poor little ring to take—and what a path!

And in another moment her parlor tricks were stored away and she was talking about herself, her future. She wants parts that are at once comedy and drama. She thinks Barbara Stanwyck is doing the sort of thing she would like.

If you are interested in the man she wants to marry—he must be "nice," have a sense of humor, be out of her profession. At present she won't leave the screen to marry, she wants to learn how to act, how to time herself properly—she wants to cultivate a technique. She thinks that marrying now would be "leaving things in the middle."

She thinks Bing Crosby is marvellous and doesn't think anything of Russ Columbo. She doesn't mention Rudy Vallee. She has a cat called "Baby" because that is her own nickname, and a Great Dane named "Bleak" because he was bought on a rainy day. She's not in love now.

She likes orchids so much that at the opening of "Hell's Angels" in Hollywood everyone sent them to her, and to please them all she wore a corsage of thirty-nine orchids that stretched across the front of her wrap and startled Hollywood into a new style, even though she was doing it as a joke.

BARBARA STANWYCK...in Warner Bros.
 "SO BIG" ... *Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively*



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 Lovely Beauty
 is Created with
 the Magic
 of
 This NEW
 MAKE-UP
 from HOLLYWOOD*

*How to accent your charm
 and gain new beauty with color
 harmony make-up for your type*



MARIAN MARSH
 Warner Bros. Star,
 using Max Factor's
 Lipstick.

THE lovely pastel tints of the blonde... the soft, rich melody of color tones of the brunette... the deeper, glamorous colorings of the brunette... the delicate, yet sometimes brilliant radiance of the redhead... each is a study in color harmony for the make-up artist, girl or woman who creates beauty with a palette of powder, rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow. This, Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, proved, and revolutionized make-up in motion pictures with his discovery of cosmetic color harmony. 96% of Hollywood's stars use Max Factor's.

Face powder, for example, is created by a secret color harmony principle. Each shade is a color harmony tone, composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors. It imparts that satin-smooth make-up you've so ad-

mired on the screen, giving the skin a live, luminous beauty... yet remaining invisible. A face powder that never appears spotty, off-color, or powdery; and never "shines." So perfect in texture, even the motion picture camera does not reveal it.

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 genius, using the
 correct color har-
 mony tone in
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 blend beauty
 with her brunette colorings.



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Name _____	Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Address _____	Fast... <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue... <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
City _____	Grey... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily <input type="checkbox"/>
State _____	Creamy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
	Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
	Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Dry... <input type="checkbox"/>
		LASHES	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE
		Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD	
		Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	



How do Women in the Movies Manage?

While a picture is being filmed, it means weeks of work without pause. Imagine the star, in a scene employing a thousand people, quitting because she is "indisposed!" The time of month does not excuse her. Women in the movies must carry on. Menstruation is just an incident.

How do they manage? If you know any woman in pictures, she will tell you how Hollywood meets this emergency. Try to find even an "extra" girl who doesn't carry Midol!

This marvelous discovery of the specialists is not merely a measure of relief. It ends all menstrual pain in five to seven minutes. Ten minutes after swallowing one tablet, all discomfort has passed! And it is effective for hours. If you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you can go through your whole period without one twinge of menstrual pain or even headache!

Midol is a boon to professional women, business women, every active woman who can't afford to be a monthly martyr, breaking engagements when her sickness comes unexpectedly, or dragging through the period slumped with pain. Approved by the medical profession, for it is non-narcotic! Your druggist has the little box that tucks in your purse; just ask for Midol.

CLARK GABLE

in "STRANGE INTERLUDE"

Norma Shearer's picture "A Free Soul" did more than any other picture to establish Clark Gable as a Gangster. Now, again with Norma, Gable has a tremendous opportunity

(With a Scene From the Picture; See Frontispiece Page 16)

By Patricia Keats

UTTERLY different from anything that Clark Gable has done so far is his rôle of Doctor Ned Darrell in "Strange Interlude." This sensational stage play of Eugene O'Neill's has been boiled down from a seven hour drama to a two hour picture but it has lost none of its original grim futility and tragic bitterness. Strange Interlude is what Shakespeare chose to call life's fitful fever, the age-old struggle of a man and woman for happiness, until both are too old and too weary to care.

Few actors have had a greater scope in emotional rôles than Clark Gable, who has risen in a brief two years from comparative obscurity to enormous popularity. "Typed" as a gangster after his tremendous success in "Dance, Fools, Dance," "Sporting Blood," and "Free Soul," he did what few other actors in Hollywood have been able to do—escaped the rubber stamping of "type" and glided easily into romantic hero rôles, the most romantic of which has been the minister of the gospel in "Polly of the Circus." From dance hall to pulpit in six easy lessons.

In "Strange Interlude" Clark Gable has his first heavy dramatic rôle. As Doctor Ned Darrell he is neither romantic nor brutal, he is neither a hero nor a villain. He is a man tragically thwarted by life. Gable plays the rôle of a young doctor of thirty whose soul is torn between his frenzied love of scientific research and his torturous love of a woman he cannot have. He meets the beautiful and neurotic Nina Leeds (Norma Shearer) shortly after she has married his best friend, Sam Evans, (Alexander Kirkland). Nina has just learned from her mother-in-law that there is insanity in the family and that she must bear Sam a child to keep him emotionally balanced. But on account of the inherited insanity the child cannot be Sam's. Nina chooses handsome Dr. Darrell as the father of her child and he agrees. But unfortunately neither foresees the horrible

consequences of their secret affair. They fall madly in love with each other, but Sam, adoring husband and loyal friend, whose very sanity depends on domestic felicity, must never know. Years pass and as Nina's son grows up he worships Sam but hates his real father, Dr. Darrell, and suspects his mother of infidelity. Moody, grim, coldly introspective and savagely embittered by the cruel jest that Fate has played on him, Doctor Ned Darrell is the heaviest dramatic rôle in any picture you have ever seen. Will Clark Gable—the menace—Clark Gable—the lover—be able to make it convincing?

The story covers a span of thirty years, so of course "make-up" is most important. Cecil Holland, who was engaged by M-G-M to perfect the "make-up" of the characters as they passed from their twenties to their late fifties and early sixties, says that Clark Gable is the hardest man he has ever tried to "age." It is practically impossible to alter the Gable face. His features are so strong and rugged that they resist alterations. Chin, nose and lofty brow—they simply wouldn't "age." So Mr. Holland finally decided to take it out on the hair, and Gable "turned gray over night" and his hairline shrank alarmingly away from his forehead. Nature may be able to age Clark Gable some day, but not Cecil Holland.

But even after the severest "make-up" had been applied to his face and hair Gable's eyes still shone with the fires of youth. How embarrassing, Mr. Gable! And was Mr. Holland annoyed! After much experimenting he finally discovered that if he put black lines around the rims of the Gable optics and practically dispensed with his eyelashes and eyebrows Clark might resemble a disillusioned old man. But even then Gable couldn't control that "certain look" in his eyes. Distressed Mr. Holland ordered a dulling kind of glasses. A Gable in spectacles—girls, can you wait!

A TIP FOR PRODUCERS

A PICTURE which shall be nameless (it will soon be forgotten anyway) has a mother who hates her child and her husband. She leaves the dishes dirty and she squanders her husband's money. She runs away with her lover after he robs the bank. Then comes the realism. She returns a little later rich and prosperous—a sordid viewpoint.

We go to galleries to see beautiful art and to concerts to hear beautiful music. We do *not* go to Astoria to look at the city dump, nor to boiler factories to hear their clamor.

Let us be thankful for the pictures like "Tarzan" which give us a new conception of physical strength and a new setting for the mystery of love.

Stage Door

[Continued from page 25]

Peggy was looking through the peep hole of the curtain at the audience with another member of the cast.

Peggy whispered, "Oh, there's Justine Johnston, the former movie star."

The other girl said, "No, there's Walter Wanger. They tell me he's a powerful movie man. I'm going back to put on a fresh make-up—"

Wanger saw Peggy—but why go on, you know the story.

Miriam Hopkins has also had her schooling in the theatre. She travelled by the same route as Peggy Shannon. The Music Box Revue, Irving Berlin's girl show, gave Miriam her first chance. But unlike Peggy, Miriam knew what she wanted and having obtained her B.A. in musical shows, she turned to the legitimate plays for her M.A. degree.

However, because she had reached featured rôles by the musical comedy route the producers refused to consider her seriously. But she continued to pester agents and producers until one of them weakened and she obtained a part in "Excess Baggage."

She was an overnight success. From then on, it was not necessary for Miss Hopkins to go seeking a job. It was while playing in "Lysistrata," the immortal classic, which gleefully shocked Broadway one summer, that she received an offer for the screen. Paramount cast her for the ingénue rôle in "Best People." On the strength of her performance, made possible because of her training on the legitimate stage, she won a long term contract.

Miriam, in speaking of her success, said, "It was through a bad cold that I stumbled on a trick of the business which has been a great aid to me in putting over comedy rôles. I was playing in 'Lysistrata' and contracted one of those summer colds. I was frantic, as my voice would crack now and then and send my speaking voice a key higher in range. But it couldn't be helped—and lo and behold! when my voice became a high treble the audience shrieked. As the situation called for a laugh I decided to keep my voice on that high pitch.

"Fay Bainter, a star of the theatre, was replacing me in the cast. She had attended the performance to become familiar with the rôle. After the play she came back stage. I apologized for my cold and the squeak in my voice. She said, 'My dear, that's one of the tricks of the business, comedy should always be played in a higher key.' So you see that's something I learned in the theatre which I would never have discovered in the movies. We have no audience to teach us our mistakes in the movies—for when the audience finally sees our work it is too late to correct it."

On the other hand, the screen has a technique all its own. Ruth Chatterton, before she entered the movies, had many years of stardom on the legitimate stage. Yet she told me on one occasion that she found the screen demanded a shade of difference in timing and a toning down in emotional work. She gives credit to Emil Jannings for teaching her motion picture technique.

The talkies may have robbed the movies of the romance of the old hit-or-miss days, but they offer a broader highway for the truly ambitious. Histrionic ability challenges mere beauty of the flesh. It is a boulevard of glory for the attractive, talented girl who is wise enough to acquire a little knowledge of a number of things and—stage technique.

AUNT FLO TO THE RESCUE — by ALBERT DORNE



IT'S A SHAME A PRETTY GIRL LIKE MY NIECE HASN'T MORE PARTNERS. BUT I THINK I KNOW THE REASON

NEXT EVENING

WHY DON'T YOU ASK SOME OF THE GIRLS OVER

OH, I DON'T KNOW. THEY DON'T SEEM TO CARE ABOUT COMING



SOMETIMES I'M SO LONELY, AUNT FLO. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO

DEAR, I'M GOING TO TALK TO YOU FRANKLY AND YOU MUST NOT FEEL HURT

NEXT MORNING

IT'S MARVELOUS! SO MUCH LATHER AND I FEEL SO WONDERFULLY FRESH AND CLEAN

WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE MY FAVORITE TOILET SOAP —LIFEBUOY



TWO MONTHS LATER

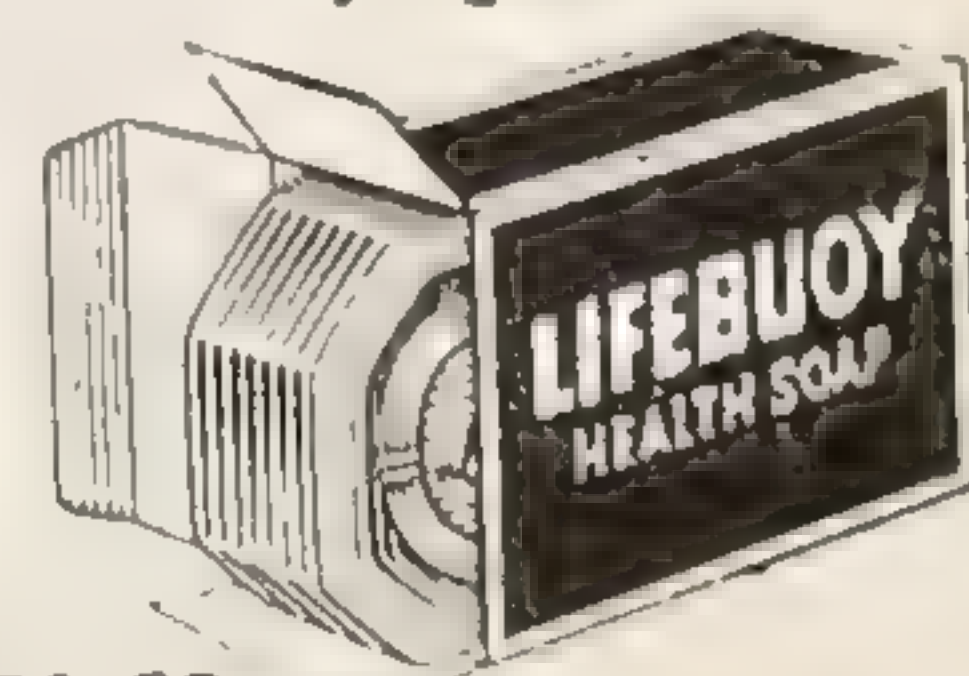
HOW GLAD I AM I TOLD HER HOW TO STOP "B.O." NOW SHE'S ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR GIRLS IN TOWN

Guard against "B.O." (Body Odor)

DON'T just trust to luck that you won't offend. Pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—a quart daily. Others are quick to notice even a trace of "B.O." (body odor) about us. Take no chances. Use Lifebuoy and be sure. Its creamy, searching, purifying lather makes every trace of "B.O." vanish. Helps protect health by removing germs from hands. You'll quickly learn to love its pleasant, hygienic scent that vanishes as you rinse.

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Dr. Edwards
OLIVE TABLETS

Polo Crazy

[Continued from page 21]

haven't seen for some time. Also Billy Bakewell (isn't that Mary Brian with him?) and Eric Linden, with Ann Dvorak. The horses pound up and down the field, white mallets swing in big arcs, a yellow Army shirt on a gray pony races ahead of the other seven players and there is a click as he strikes the ball. It sails, bounds, goes through the goal, guarded by two posts, and a red flag waves. One for the Army!

There is applause, comment, hand-clapping. A moment later Zanuck's horse trips on the board boundaries and he takes a nasty spill. He's up and so's the animal. Play is resumed. The score mounts. These Army boys are reported to be out of practice, and we wonder how they'd be if they were in practice.

Pounding hoofs, riders coming in to change mounts, leaping off sweating animals, riding off on fresh mounts. Ginger applauds, Powell applauds, Cagney nods approval but doesn't say much. Zanuck rides around wildly. Then there is a substitution, Hal Roach, the ace, who's been playing for years, going in. Four chukkers are played. It's the half. Cagney must be telling Powell he likes "High Pressure." The stars parade up and down before the stands, waving, nodding, patting each other's backs. We have a chance to greet our friends. Soon, play resumes.

"Well," we say to ourselves, "perhaps we'd better look in at Riviera."

The Army leads, eight to nothing.

Away we go to Riviera. On the boulevard, we begin to be sorry for the polo clubs, because for every one who has paid admission, five spectators line the roadway. Traffic conditions are terrible. Pa and ma and the youngsters lean on fence rails and watch from a distance, saving their dollars. The Sunday parade to Santa Monica and the Palisades is halted temporarily to see tiny men and tiny horses, like children's toys, prancing, darting, weaving, stopping abruptly, holding miniature races up and down a field which at this distance looks like a gay green billiard table.

At Riviera, the stands are filled. We wave a greeting to George Archainbaud, director of "The Lost Squadron," and start looking around us. Bob Montgomery comes racing off the field for a new mount while some one calls:

"Step on it, Bob!"

Guinn Williams is one of the most colorful, the most dynamic, the most exciting players we've ever seen. At times he rides half out of his saddle. At other times he slides half off the animal.

I am in possession of a secret. The Great Garbo rides at Riviera, carefully guarded from prying eyes. Although there are five women's teams, she has not decided to take up the game as yet. But she does ride, while anxious camera men try to steal shots of her.

"What started the rush for polo?" I asked a well known director. "Was it the exhibition at La Fiesta last September?"

The director grins.

"Darryl Zanuck plays, and his stars come to watch him," he tells me.

Suddenly, I spy David Manners high up in the grandstand. Nearby is the lovely Connie and with her is her husband, Henri de la Falaise. They watch the game intently. Guinn Williams scores and she claps her hands delightedly.

"Bob Montgomery shouldn't be playing," says a friend of mine. "The studio is afraid—has been, ever since a horse stepped on Reg Denny out here. He's apt to get his face messed up."

Dangerous game, polo. And Bob is out there, having the time of his life, with his opponent, Guinn, trying to ride him away from the ball.

"A good poloist should have eight mounts," my informant continues. "A fresh one for every chukker."

I learn that Spencer Tracy, eager spectator, is one of the players now and then. He has just started the game and is making great headway. But old Guinn, out there, plays so perfectly that his horse seems a part of him, I think.

The Tigers are leading the Cowboys when Guinn goes Berserk. Bob has two goals to his credit. So Guinn gets two.

More glances around. There's J. Farrell MacDonald, who looks like the late Knute Rockne.

"Most of the stars play for the love of the game," I am told. "Some of them just pretend, however, and have their pictures taken in pretty white pants on horses they're afraid of."

I can believe that. I know several.

Harold Lloyd, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have boxes at Riviera. They are not in evidence, but Johnny Mack Brown is. He's a pal of Guinn's. Cromwell, the lanky director, is playing a great game. John's fellow-director and friend, Richard Wallace, who did the Chatterton pictures for Paramount, is watching him. John specializes in putting George Bancroft through his paces.

I miss the Gleasons. Both Jimmy and his son, Russell, are enthusiastic players. Ralph Forbes, husband of Ruth Chatterton, and a star, is learning the game and soon will be seen on the Riviera field in the big games. Jack Holt, I am told, used to play, but it was too expensive.

"Costs a lot of dough to play polo," says my informant. "Membership is about \$500, ponies cost \$500 apiece on an average, clothes cost about \$150. Upkeep on a pony is about \$75 a month."

I gasp.

John Cromwell has five horses, Forbes has three, Montgomery has three, Roach has eight, Will Rogers has his own field and fourteen ponies. Zanuck has eight. Clark Gable hasn't bought any horses yet. He is just learning the game. The studio doesn't like to have him play, either.

Cromwell pounds the ball over for a goal and the stands go wild. Dave Manners grins widely and George Archainbaud says:

"That's placing it."

Big Boy Williams whirls down the field.

"Yes, sir," says my informant, "Rogers, with a two goal rating and Hal Roach, with a three goal rating, started the interesting pastime six or seven years ago."

I am informed that the executives and writers who make up the Los Indios group are Griffith, Zanuck, Michael Curtiz, Vic Enright, both directors, Arthur Caesar and Lucien Hubbard, writers. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., practices now and then, but has been too busy to do much.

"Riviera is one of the finest fields in America," says my friend. "In fact, there are four fields here."

I am duly impressed. Bob Montgomery narrowly misses a spill going over the boards at the edge of the field, and the crowd gasps. Seventh chukker, now, and the Cowboys are making the Tigers roar, or howl, or whatever tigers do when being defeated. The shadow of the grandstand creeps into the field. Five thousand men, women and children see the game from the boulevard, using field glasses.

Glancing around me, I see Edward G.

Robinson, beaming jovially. I expect to see him "pull a rod" and shoot the horses, but he seems to be enjoying himself immensely. Jesse Lasky has a box, but isn't here today.

"Look at that Montgomery boy ride!" explodes my friend. "The horses get as much fun out of the game as do the men."

I am looking at Alan Rinehart, son of the novelist, Mary Roberts Rinehart. He is a rabid enthusiast.

It is almost over now. During the half, Eddie Robinson has waved hello to David Manners and Connie and her Hank have bowed to the right people while mere nobodys have looked on and marvelled. Polo is socially correct. One says hello and waves to only those within the charmed circle.

Last goal. Tigers, 8. Cowboys, 11.

During the last few minutes, the Cowboys have made a great spurt.

The warmth has gone out of the slanting rays of the late afternoon sun. The horses are wet with sweat, the riders are tired. They come in slowly, glad of their fun, glad now that it is all over. Hand-clapping, shouts of approval.

Those in the stands rise, wave goodbyes, gather wraps.

"Great game, Bob!"

"You're a riding fool, Big Boy."

Two people carry on a conversation:

"Just a bunch of movie people, trying to show off," says one.

"Anyway, they play as if they meant it!"

Personally, I agree with the second. It's a great game, a gentlemanly game, a fascinating game.

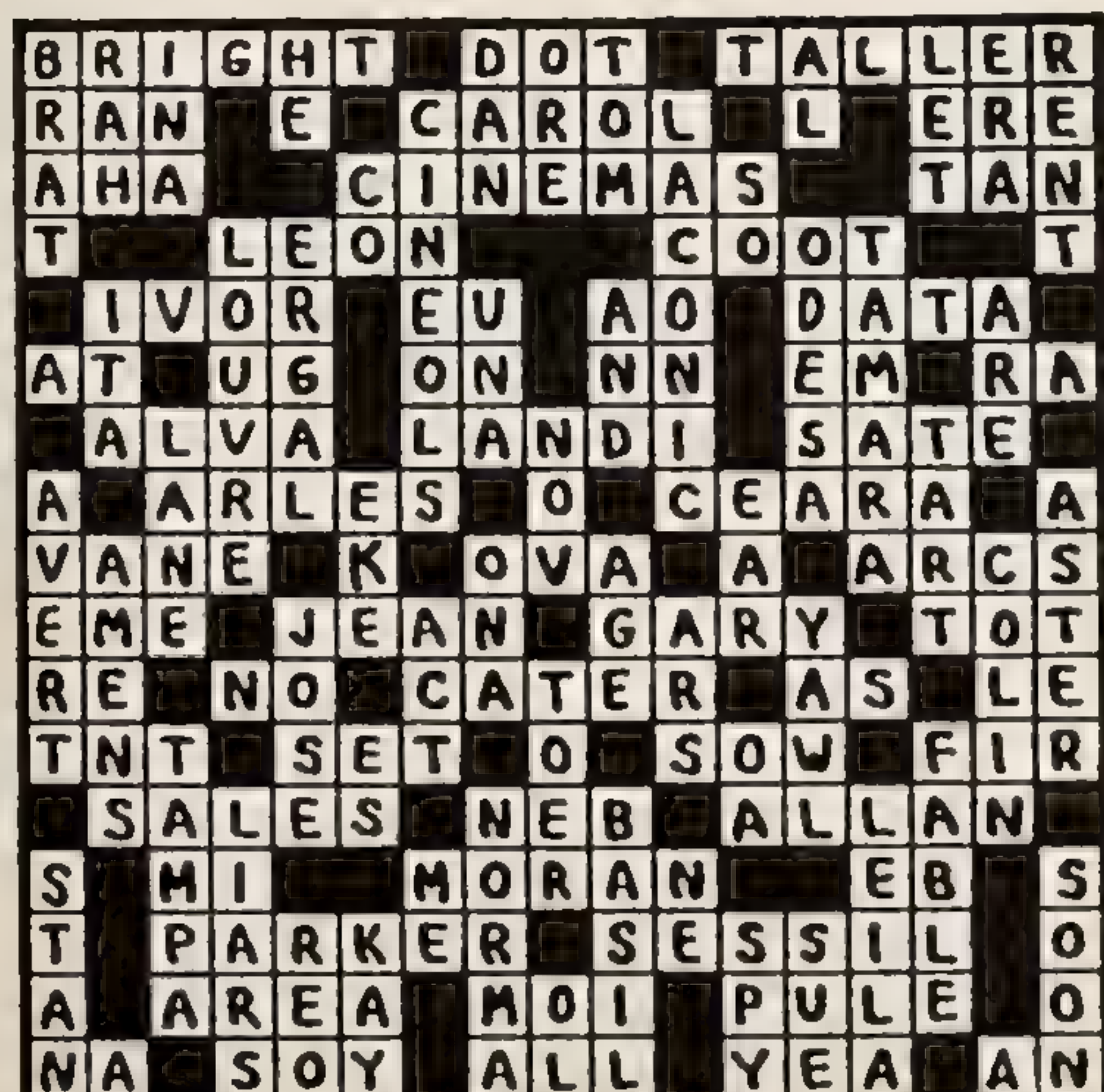
The sun's behind the hills, now. The Santa Monica mountains are growing gray, shadowy.

Cars start, the stands are deserted, the last blue-sweatered, white-sweatered, rider has left the field. Exhausts roar. Purple Packards and brown Duesenbergs and green Cadillacs streak towards the boulevard. The fence sitters desert their posts.

Traffic tangles. Homeward bound in an endless chain of automobiles, honking, blaring.

Come on, let's hurry. Sunday dinner's waiting.

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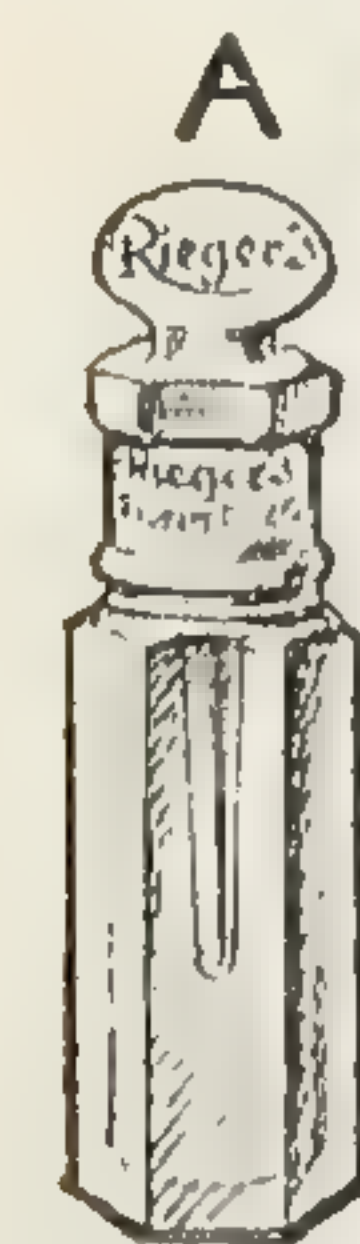
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Talkies in Tabloid

[Continued from page 10]

peeping over a rock in the Grand Canyon you will find Roscoe Ates, that popular stuttering artist. Cecilia Parker is the beautiful young thing who has to be rescued by George O'Brien—or else!

TAXI Excellent (Warners)

The racket in this story concerns the thrilling battle for supremacy between the Consolidated Cab Service and the independents. As an independent, Cagney shows what a belligerent, quick-fisted guy he is. He is contagiously delightful in the rôle. Loretta Young is the heart throb.

THIS RECKLESS AGE Good (Paramount)

Buddy Rogers does an excellent bit of acting in this story in which all the "young things" are selfish and unkind to their doting parents one minute, and sweet and tender the next. Richard Bennett rates well as the father, and Frances Dee and Peggy Shannon lend adequate support.

TOMORROW AND Ruth Chatterton is the lovely lady married to a man who dotes on horses. Her urge for a baby is gratified after she has a romantic but brief affair with Paul Lukas, a psychologist. The climax comes when Lukas saves his child's life. He goes away later leaving Ruth to her domestic loyalties.

TWO KINDS OF WOMEN Splendid (Paramount)

This is based on the sparkling stage play, "This is New York." Miriam Hopkins, the gal from the middle-west, falls hard for the New York playboy, Phillips Holmes, who eventually reforms. Wynne Gibson and Josephine Dunn triumph in their rôles of the "not too good" damsels.

UNION DEPOT Excellent (Warners)

Young Doug Fairbanks, Jr., has a rôle which permits him to be rough and ready. The action takes place around a great railroad depot. Clothes stolen in the washroom start a snappy little plot which gathers momentum in the dramatic atmosphere of the terminal. Joan Blondell and Guy Kibbee lend ample support.

A WOMAN COMMANDS Good (RKO-Radio)

The talking screen holds no terrors for Pola Negri for her voice is delightful, in spite of her accent. And speaking of accents can you take them or can't you? Anyway Pola proves her charm and ability in this story that leaps all over the palace and is royal no end, and which gives our own Roland Young a chance to wield a sceptre.

THE WOMAN FROM MONTE CARLO Fair (Warners)

This brings Lil Dagover, Hollywood's latest importation to you. The picture rates low, even though Lil shows real talent and is ably supported by Walter Huston and Warren William. The story is to blame.

George Brent from Dublin

[Continued from page 23]

Warners will be easy for him, because he has played more than three hundred different leads in stage shows! Now it dawns why Ruth Chatterton was so surprised at the excellence of his characterization. I very seriously doubt if any other screen actor has such a background.

There is no love life to be broadcasted about George Brent. Not that he hasn't known women. He has liked a good many. But they figured in his youthful days. Today he is matured, settled down, attracted to brainy femininity and abhorring the gay and giddy girls.

George grins when he thinks of his yesterday's escapades. Born in Dublin, the son of a newspaperman, he had more than his share of Irish deviltry. School was his idea of the world's worst pastime. What a teachers' pest he was!

When he was eleven his family brought him to this country for a visit. The American manner of living entranced his boyish mind, but he went back to Dublin and eventually enrolled in the national university. There he soon became prominent in football and dramatics. He devoted his efforts to avoiding history and political science and to getting into every course that suggested public speaking.

In Dublin at this time a group of ambitious authors and actors determined to present better shows to the public. They called their playhouse the Abbey Theatre. It was singularly successful, and George managed to wiggle into some sort of role every vacation. There were even times when he shamelessly cut his college classes

to play bits in this glamorous-to-him professional theatre.

His ocean trip to America as a boy left so many memories of adventurous possibilities that he started out to see the world, ending up by getting a job in a stock company in this country.

"Bumming around the world is all right when you are about twenty," he says, "but there comes a time when one should settle down. I've been almost every place I want to go, except Spain and South America. Oh, of course, I'd like to travel through Europe again. But next time I'm going to go in comfort and style!

"There is something about acting and writing that gets in the blood. I've been an actor ever since I seriously went to work. And I love it. I couldn't do anything else."

No complexes, no hidden desires for George. He has a sister who writes for the Sunday supplements. Her ability to grind out lengthy yarns amazes him, but he admits that at writing he is a total loss.

"I wrote a novel once and fortunately burned it up!" he chuckles.

He knows the theatre inside out, for at various times he has owned and personally managed six different stock companies, aside from appearing on Broadway in a number of important shows. One time he and Clark Gable were in the same play. His last Broadway engagement was with Alice Brady in "Love, Honor and Betray" two years ago.

"I never tried to get into silent pictures," he explains. "But the talkies ruined the stock companies. We just couldn't put on

a stage production cheaply enough to compete with talkie prices. I believe stock companies will revive, though. They are the grandest training schools in the world.

"There were occasions when I've had to do two plays in one week. Memorized lines until five-thirty in the morning, caught a few hours of sleep, and reported for rehearsal at nine A. M. I got so I could learn twenty-five pages of script an hour." How many of our movie darlings could survive as stiff a schedule as that?

Although Warners are going into ecstasies over George now, he was very nearly overlooked by Hollywood.

"I was under contract to Al Woods for a Broadway show when Fox offered me a talkie contract. I came out here and did nothing for six months. There was a lot of studio shaking up going on and I was lost in the shuffle. Last Fall I went back to New York, but Universal offered me a small part in 'The Homicide Squad' so I flew West for it. I then persuaded Warners to test me."

It took real Irish persistence to get the attention of the Warner executives, but as soon as they saw and heard him and investigated his past record they cast him for the male lead in "So Big."

George's attitude towards the movies is not like that of Leslie Howard and other super-critical stage imports. Howard bitterly decried the roles he was given and says that if he returns to Hollywood he will demand absolute say on his stories.

"I'm willing to do anything they give me," says George. "I don't think picture players have to be typed as they used to be. I have done practically every kind of character on the stage, and so I think I can draw upon that experience to put across any sort of screen role."

Beverly Hills hasn't enchanted him. For that matter, he doesn't give a darn about a home.

"I see no use for a bachelor having a house. It merely means a lot of grief with servants. I live in an apartment and it satisfies me."

One gathers that George could reveal a vivid, exciting past. He is too new to Hollywood customs for the "I Confess" stunt yet. When the fans begin to clamor for one of those ultra-personal life stories he will probably recount some of the more intimate details of his hectic vagabond days.

Meanwhile he disposes of the subject of marriage with two brief remarks. "Yes, I was married once—when I was nineteen. It only lasted a month and it's one of those things I don't talk about." A denial that gambling interests him now betrayed the fact that cards used to fascinate. He admits enigmatically that twice he was consigned to jail. "Once for fighting with a policeman!"

Having acquired common sense, poise, and a conservative viewpoint, he is more than happy to get his present big break in the talkies. When he is middle-aged he would like to have enough money accumulated to buy a villa in Southern France and live there quietly. At the moment life is too full of work to permit any distractions.

The way the feminine stars and everybody from the head boss down to the office boys at Warners rave about him, George Brent is headed for great popularity. Hollywood society hasn't yet taken him up. He doesn't give a whoop about going to the best parties. But when his pictures get into wide circulation he'll be pellmelled into the midst of the intrigues and doings that surround the stars.

Until then Ruth, Joan, Barbara, Kay, and Connie can have him all to themselves. And even though George Brent is theoretically through with love, I'll bet being rushed from one pair of stellar arms to another arouses the good old Irish in him!



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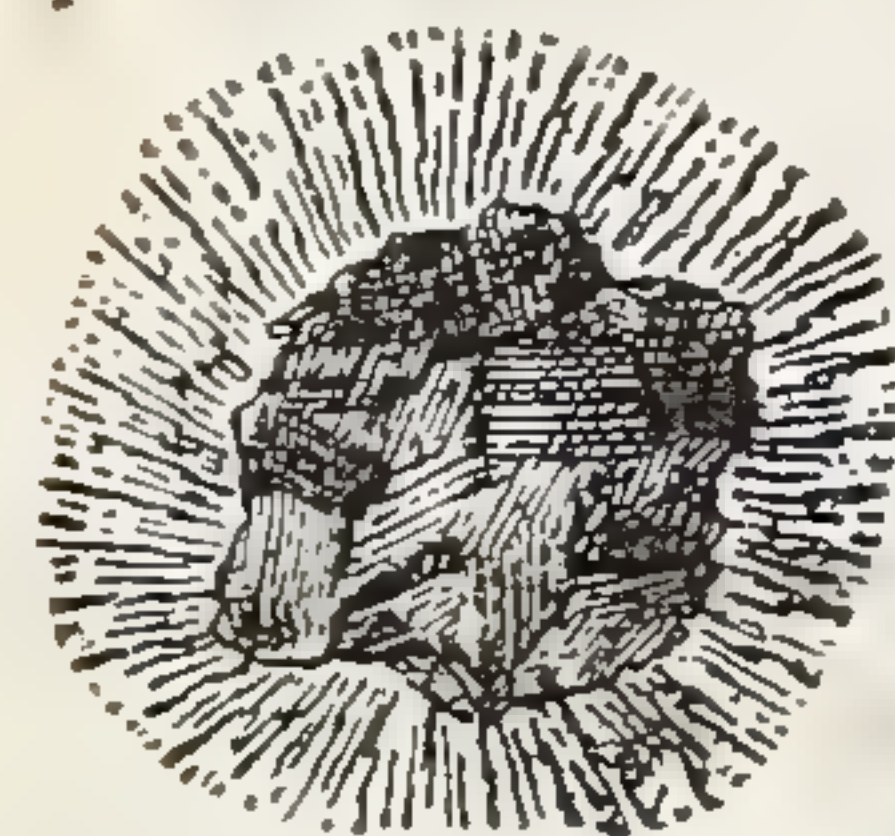
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How to Reduce

[Continued from page 6]

and air. Stand up before your window and stick out your chest. Draw your lungs full—full—full of air. Get plenty of oxygen in your blood from lots of fresh air, then a slim diet won't weaken you so much.

Drink plenty of water, at least six glasses a day. It will dilute and wash away the poisons that disturb normal metabolism causing excess weight.

Now lie down on your back and draw your knees up to your chest—that is—as far as you can get them in that direction. Force them a little with your arms. Now raise and lower your legs together ten times. Now raise one at a time ten times. Relax.

Bring yourself up to a sitting position leaving the legs straight out before you. Doesn't THAT get the old back muscles and the tummy muscles, though? Can you do that ten times? Fine.

Here, wait a minute! Don't go. You've still got five minutes. We'll spend that with a skipping-rope. Turn on the radio and skip to the music. You'll exercise longer to music because you have the impulse to finish out a tune. Honestly, if you'll keep that skipping-rope hot, the fat will tumble off. It's lots of fun. You can't skip the rope and be glum. Somehow you just have to giggle and worry goes bouncing off along with those extra pounds.

All right, if you're winded, rest a minute. Now start again—you'll get your second wind in a little while. Beginning to perspire a little? Why, my goodness, you're dripping wet. That's fine, the more the better. You can lose half a pound a day sweating.

Now you're ready for your bath. Use Epsom or some other reducing salts in it. Finish with a cold shower. Stay under it a while to firm your flesh and to act as an astringent to your skin. Use a rough towel and rub your body briskly. And if you're not a pound lighter you didn't do it right! And don't you feel good? Like a million!

Honest, now must you eat breakfast? Please don't! Well—if hunger is really bothering you just fill up on bran, bran muffins, toasted bran flakes or something like that. A glass of skimmed milk may tide you over. But take every bit of cream off before you drink it. Write me for the special-reducing menus and personal advice.

O, I know how badly you want butter and cake and sweet things. And sometimes it seems as if you just couldn't live another minute without some candy. Let it alone!

There's a lot of pleasure in eating. There's no denying that. But isn't there

MORE pleasure in having a pretty figure and being admired? We girls may just as well admit to each other that all the good things of life are pretty empty and tasteless unless men—or some particular man—thinks we are very attractive. (Goodness, I hope no man reads this.)

But when THE man looks at you in that lingering, approving way, it sends little shivers of happiness up and down your spine, doesn't it? Huh? What's the slight pleasure of satisfying your hunger in comparison to that!

Never forget that everything in the world has its price. Everything costs us something. And none of it is easy to pay. But who wants an easy job. Courage, fire, ambition and the will-to-do are the things that make your character dynamic and worthwhile.

A star in Hollywood (one of your favorites, by the way) told me that she made a practice of reckoning the cost of anything she wanted—not necessarily only in dollars—but also in energy, prestige, time, or even the emotional cost. Then having decided what she would have to pay she asked herself, "Is it worth that much to me? Do I want this particular thing badly enough to pay the price?"

If she decided that she was willing to pay the cost she never complained as she paid it. "For that is such poor sportsmanship," she said. "If I make a bargain with life, I stick to it and go through with my head up."

So, if you have decided that you are "going through" with the job of getting thin, then do it with good grace and don't complain.

English women keep fit by walking. It's the smart thing over there. We Americans are reminded by Garbo, Marlene Dietrich and other Europeans that walking is a fine art. Do get in a long walk every day if you possibly can.

I've never seen an American woman who was an habitual walker. But in every city you'll find the fashionables equipped with walking shoes, vagabond hat, sport coat and a walking stick. With some of them it's just scenery, but lots of women in New York do race around the reservoir early in the morning.

At seven A. M. on that well-known cinder-path in Central Park you're liable to run into famous athletic stars or J. P. Morgan.

In Hollywood, Garbo does most of her walking on the beach. But she has been

Jeanette MacDonald as Colette, and Maurice Chevalier as Andre, in "One Hour With You." They are so gay, and Jeanette sings so beautifully and "One Hour" is all too short



seen climbing the hills of Topango canyon just back of old Inceville near Santa Monica. In case you're interested, that's about half-way between the movie colony at Malibou Beach and Santa Monica.

It helps your figure and broadens your outlook to get up an hour or half-hour earlier and rush out for a brisk walk. Now, I know the old saw about your not liking worms well enough to get up early. But, as some of our swankiest people are out taking their "morning's morning" you might discover something besides worms. If you don't find a millionaire, you will, at least, find health and slimness. Stick to it.

The world seems very genial early in the morning. There is a sort of understanding among people who like the morning well enough to get up and out into it. Besides being such a happy thing to do, walking seems to harden up a flabby body better

than most anything else.

At a certain fashionable health Salon in New York there is a treadmill where you may walk for miles without moving from one spot.

This same luxurious establishment has a series of rollers turned by electricity and a plump client may stand between them reading a book while the extra inches are rolled off her hips.

Then, too, certain reducing garments are good when you wish to reduce some particular part of the body. It's just a question of what suits your own case. So, do write me if you want any special advice. I adore helping you solve your problems.

But whatever you do, do it with faith, zest and a high heart.

Go in to win! And don't get discouraged. When all else fails just bend down, Sister, bend down, Sister, if you want to get thin!

The Best Bette in Pictures

[Continued from page 26]

the thought of bearing resemblance to such beautiful ladies as the Misses Bennett and Borden, but because she prefers being individual. She arrived at the studio one morning with a new hairdress and at once her director complimented her. "It makes you look more like Miss Bennett than ever," he cried. Bette changed the hairdress, because she prefers to look like Bette Davis.

If I were romantically inclined, I would select her for my attentions, provided she would accept me as a suitor. She is delightfully fresh and she has a lovely, decent outlook on life that is decidedly different from the viewpoint of most modern young women. She has not forgotten how to blush and she drops her eyes before compliments like a modest child of the last century. Despite her modern clothes and conversation, you get the impression that she may drop into an old fashioned curtsy at any moment.

An inferiority complex is her one weakness. She does not like to admit to it but, pressed on the subject, she finally will confess. It was because of this complex that she became discouraged when she saw herself on the screen in "Bad Sister," that first picture in which she played an ugly duckling. It is for the same reason that she never sees daily rushes of pictures she works in.

"I would be conscious afterward of every smile and movement," she says, "and my work would be strained and unnatural."

Rumors recently had Miss Davis engaged to a New York boy friend, but she declares the report entirely untrue. There is one young man in the East whom she likes more than others, but she is not sure it is love and matrimony is far from her mind at present, which may be discouraging to the small army of young men who are beginning to tag after her in Hollywood. Although she has been in the film city more than eighteen months, Hollywood males have just become Davis-conscious.

When she first went to Hollywood, Bette was extremely lonesome. Friends were difficult to meet in the film city, where cliques are not prone to accept untried newcomers. The most miserable period of her entire life to date, she says, was that lonesome, despondent eternity that followed "Bad Sister"—that era when her inferiority complex insisted she was not a good motion picture actress, when her common sense told her that studio officials would be disappointed because she was not beautiful on the screen, and when there was no real friend to whom she could turn for comfort

and who could take her mind from her dismal thoughts.

Now all that is changed. After a succession of rainbows and storm clouds, the sun has come to stay. During the past year and a half she has been alternately lifted to the sublime heights of happiness as opportunities presented themselves, and dropped into the depths as they turned into mocking jokes, but there will be no more heartaches.

"I was very skeptical when I was signed for the picture with Mr. Arliss," Bette says. "I wanted to believe it meant a great deal, but my inferiority complex and my past experiences kept warning me that it would be just another disappointment. Throughout the first week of rehearsals, I went home every night and listened for the telephone to ring, bringing me the news that another girl was being substituted for my role."

The heartaches and disappointments that have been Bette's have molded her character until she has a very broad, very sincere viewpoint on life. Having known sadness, she is better able to enjoy happiness and she revels in it to the utmost degree, bubbling and laughing so constantly as to make one wonder if she has ever suffered adversity.

Nor is it any wonder that Bette is proving a most popular young girl with Hollywood's eligible men. A clever conversationalist, a good listener and possessed of a confiding nature that all men like, she is also a good outdoor companion. She is an excellent swimmer; in fact, she is the only woman who ever qualified as a life guard at fashionable Ogunquit Beach. She likes horseback riding, and when the studio does not demand her time, too completely, she sneaks in an occasional round of golf. Never married and not engaged, beautiful and accomplished, she is one of the fairest catches of the season among Hollywood's younger set. Added to these personal attributes, Bette will be very wealthy after a few more years in Hollywood.

She lives in a lovely lakeside home with her mother, and she is content there. If any of the young swains who keep her telephone and door bells ringing are eager to marry her, the first step will be to persuade her that matrimony is more important than a career. She believes otherwise at present and she is determined not to mix the two. It will be either matrimony or career with Bette, and until the former offers a greater attraction than the latter, it will be the career.

However, things worth having are worth fighting for. In the years to come, many aspiring young men will lay down their hearts for Bette to treat as she will.

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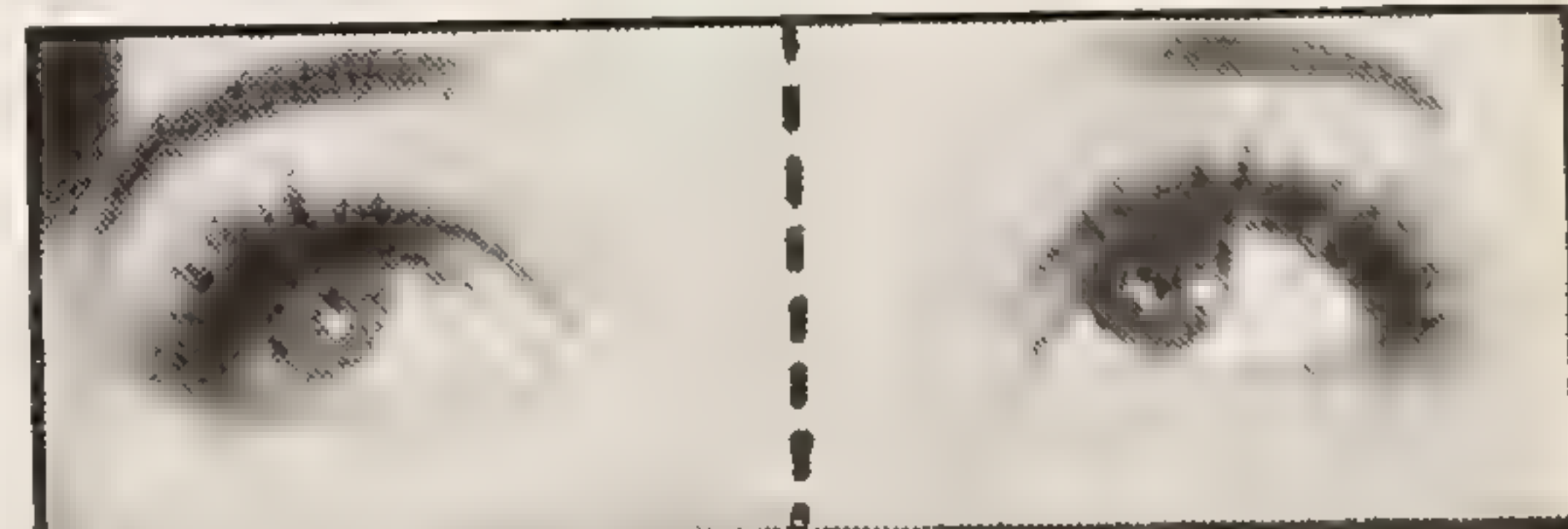


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Over Hollywood

[Continued from page 14]



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Nils is pleased, but not without some regrets. He had got so used to being gracefully unemployed. "Hollywood," he says, "is the land of the siesta without the siesta." Now the Metro lion roars and Nils is jumping through the hoop. I have it from Irving, the Thalberg, himself, that Nils is asterisked for stardom within six months.

Norma and Clark

ON THE set next door Clark Gable and Norma Shearer are working in "Strange Interlude." We can't go in because they are recording those famous asides of Eugene O'Neill's (the real thoughts of each character—heard only by the audience) and the process is a secret. But to us a secret is only a challenge to find out. I can tell you how it is being done. The asides are first recorded, in a lower-pitched monotone to distinguish them from dialogue, and then played back on the set during the action and so re-recorded sandwiched amongst the dialogue, while the players keep their lips still. Clever, these Eugenes.

Novarro and Some Co-eds

THE set for "Huddle" is a railroad train and in the corridor Ramon Novarro, the college hero, is being given the rush act by Una Merkel, Madge Evans and Martha Sleeper. Two Yale men sit on the side-lines to see that nothing happens that wouldn't happen in college life, and for that matter what wouldn't?

En Passant

AS WE leave the lot a strange cortege passes us—an electric wagon towing a sound truck tied to a camera car which in turn is secured by a four-inch steel bar to an Austin roadster, and somehow one always felt there was a way to make those things go. It is an English Austin, which is smaller still, with a red-and-black fabric body, right hand drive and a gate gear change. Bob Montgomery, with his head under a swinging bomb microphone, is curled up in the thimble-on-wheels, having done something miraculous with his long legs—perhaps left them at home. Nora Gregor, his leading lady in "Mister And Mistress," in red and black pajamas, is perched on the body with her legs dangling over the side.

"Get off this car," says Bob, for the benefit of anybody who might mistake it for a beetle. "I've said all I want to say to you. Get off."

"I won't. You're going to listen to me . . ."

And so the imitation of a dinosaur-walking-backwards passes out of sight, and when you see that Austin on the screen apparently speeding along a country highway you will know it never did.

AS THE plane roars away we pass over the "Limpy" company, working on location in a side-street. Chic Sale is driving a one-horse street-car and the horse does not even hear us. It is that kind of horse. But a number of gesticulating figures seem to be glad to see us going. A chap gets no appreciation for his own sake in this town.

If you can duck the balls, the Westwood golf course is as good a place as any to land on, and the Fox studio is next door, where things are happening that something ought to be done about. I wonder if Mr. President Tinker knows what goes on here—that knives are being flung at Lillian Bond, Joan Bennett is un-

justly accused of murder, Ralph Bellamy is sending little Tommy Conlon to a reformatory, and Elissa Landi is getting into one kind of a scrape with the body of Neil Hamilton and another with the corpse of Gilbert Roland. Tut tut! Tut and again tut! Let's look.

Myrna Loy

MYRNA is draped in front of the door to the stage on which they are shooting "The Woman In Room 13," and for all her black velvet gown with its big ermine collar and bow she has to wait just like us until the little red light winks out and lets us in. David Cox, the designer who is to blame for the home-breaking effect of the gown, is standing by. They are hoping the creation will be approved, and I am afraid it will be.

In at least one respect Myrna is the most remarkable girl in Hollywood, not merely because she does not look like herself but because she looks utterly unlike herself. The Myrna Loy the camera catches, oblique-eyed, heavy-lidded, sensuous, feline, does not exist off the screen. The Myrna Loy waiting in the sun for the red light to wink out is short, freckled, good-humored, green-eyed in a pale, undangerous way, and would look perfectly natural in breeches on a bicycle.

"I know how you feel," she says. "I've just finished a picture at Metro with Neil Hamilton. We're together in this, and when he saw me for the first time without make-up he didn't recognize me. He says I look like an Easter egg, anyway."

"You're a bad lot in this picture again?"

"Oh yes! but for once I'm the seduced instead of the seductress. I only kill a man." Gilbert Roland is the victim and Elissa Landi, Fox's most persecuted heroine, gets blamed for it.

Elissa Landi and Neil Hamilton

ELISSA, as we find when the red light lets us, is wearing brown trousers, a Russian blouse the colour of an oyster with metal buttons ingeniously made concave so as not to dazzle the camera, and is gay for the second time since she came to Hollywood. The other time was when she left for a holiday in England.

"For once," she says, "I've got sayable dialogue, and after the stuff I've been given to do it's more than a relief—it's a pleasure."

"All set . . . places please . . . Quiet! . . . turn 'em over . . . Speed!"

When you see this on the screen you will think Elissa is sitting at a piano, but she is not. The piano's works would leave no room for the camera, and all unknown to the deluded audience (satisfaction or your money back) there are no elegant mahogany legs under the music rest—not even a keyboard—only a trestle and a few wooden blocks. In these uninspiring surroundings Elissa Landi and Neil Hamilton speak the longest and snappiest dialogue sequence I have heard on a movie set since Pola Negri and Paul Stein shot it out between takes of "A Woman Commands."

"I won't play. It sounds like a line."

"It is a line—leading up to a proposition."

"Are you the kind of gentleman who makes propositions to ladies?"

"I want you, I love you and will you marry me? Stop me if you've heard this before."

"That makes the twenty-seventh proposal. Do you know, there's a girl in the Middle West who holds an all-time record

for proposals. She had over a hundred!
 "She's probably a good cook."
 "So am I a good cook."
 "Then that settles it. Anyway, seven's a lucky number."

"It is in a crap game."
 "And so is eleven—how about eleven o'clock on the morning of the seventh?"

"But I don't want to marry you."
 "Why?"

"We're so happy as we are."

"I know what it is." He plucks a pencil from her hair, not because he's a conjuror but because she's a composer. "You think you'd have to give up your work."

"Marriage is a whole time job."

"But you wouldn't. And I want to feel you belong to me. Will you give me a kiss?"

"With pleasure." She does.

"Think of having one of those for breakfast every morning."

"I feel myself slipping."

"It's fun—slipping. Yes or no?"

"Perhaps."

"Yes."

"I'll think it over."

"YES!"

"Oh! well!"

The scene ends, as it ought to, in a wrestling match—nothing barred. But it brings a pack of trouble for Elissa—and the Woman in Room 13.

Joan Bennett Goes on Trial

MURDER is a fashionable preoccupation with producers these days. There is at least one on every lot, and Fox boasts two. Noel Madison is the victim in "The Trial of Vivienne Ware," and Joan Bennett the heroine falsely accused. Lilian Bond is the cause of all the trouble and Skeets Gallagher and Zasu Pitts are comedy radio announcers in the court room. If that sounds like old-time melodrama, blame Bill Howard, the director, who delights in describing his stories that way.

All reports to the contrary, this picture is not an adaptation of the Ruth Judd case. Howard only attended that trial to study court procedure, and now he has a judge on the set to keep him straight. So far the tame judge has been the best technical director of them all. He lets them do what they like and doesn't even suffer."

The rough stuff in "Vivienne Ware" is all over. The knives have been duly thrown at Lillian Bond and swept away. Howard is doing a shot of policemen sending out descriptions over a switch-board; there is not a star in sight; but I spot that the cops doing this work are in blue uniforms instead of the regulation khaki shirts and breeches—another of Bill's liberties—and that the extra at the end of the row is none other than Pat O'Malley, once a popular and highly-paid leading man, now glad to earn seven-fifty in a crowd.

Ralph Bellamy and Doris Kenyon

THERE are similar tragedies on the "Young America" set. Amongst the extras sitting in the juvenile court room are Jack Phillips, formerly assistant casting director on the same lot and erstwhile overlord of all extras, and a woman who, eight years ago, was a leading lady in stock with Ralph Bellamy. Now she is trying to avoid Bellamy's eye as he sits at the bench facing her and though he recognises her he affects not to, because she obviously hopes he won't. Etiquette is like that in Hollywood.

Easily the loveliest and most fascinating extra on this stage has fair, curly hair, big round eyes and a wet little mouth. Four years old, his gaze is fixed on the creamy, mature beauty of Doris Kenyon, sitting at the bench with Ralph Bellamy—as well

[Continued on page 62]

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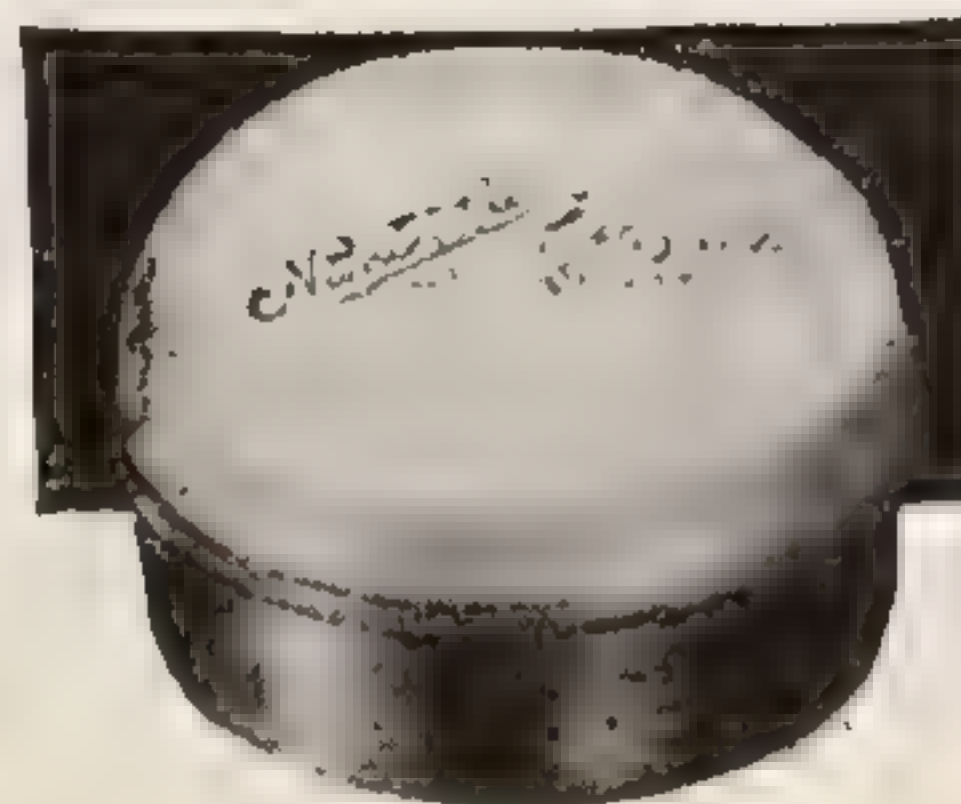
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it might, for she is his mother and this is Kenyon Sills' first day in pictures at seventy-five per.

Court rooms are the big crop out West this month. M. G. M. contributes two, Fox three and Radio, Paramount and Universal one each. In every case but one the charge is murder. And they said this was going to be a cheerful spring!

In the "Young America" courtroom Ralph Bellamy is leaning on his elbows, running his hands through his rumpled hair, modelling his manner to the life on Judge Blake of the Los Angeles juvenile court, even to dropping his Gs and jettisoning his syntax, in the friendly manner these juvenile judges have which makes you tell all so that they can sentence you more.

Just now he is giving the works to fourteen-year-old Tommy Conlon, and I want to warn you now that though Doris Kenyon, Spencer Tracy, Ralph Bellamy and Beryl Mercer are also in the cast, the picture is put on a plate with parsley round it and handed to Tommy. He is the hero who saves the dog's life, steals medicine for his dying grandmother and money for his sick pal and winds up by capturing the gangsters who robbed his hard-hearted foster-father's store—and doing it all in the nick of time!

Spencer Tracy

ONLY one thing more can detain us on the Fox lot and that is worth waiting for—to wit, one Spencer Tracy, he-man and humorist. Spencer has taken up polo and says he now needs a press agent who can convince horses. Up to now the animals have been taking one disparaging look at him, summing him up for what he is and then leaving him on the ground while they go and play ball by themselves.

"I told Snowy Baker it was cruelty from dumb animals, and all he said was that I'll have to fall off a horse two hundred times before I can play polo. Two hundred times! . . . I showed the bruises to my wife and all she says is she often falls off a horse herself. But me—when I fall I fall. Here, for example. Ouch! This morning Big Boy Williams was showing me how to sit on a horse so you can't be unseated, then he threw his two hundred and twenty pounds at me, just to show me. He showed me."

Spencer limps away to show Kenyon Sills the gold-fish in the fountain and in a few minutes Hollywood is spread below us like a toy farm and the Universal studio is a short dive to the north.

Maureen and Mickey McGuire

IT HAS to be short, for there is powerful scent of bacon rising from Stage number 5, and there never was an Irishman yet who could resist the aroma of bacon.

And glory be! 'tis our Maureen O'Sullivan, no less, who is after cookin' it, and them famishin' electricians sittin' round like vultures for ivery piece as it comes from the pan, an' me riskin' me neck in the air here—flatten out! skipper! ye crazy divil, we're not here we're there.

Kurt Neumann, once assistant manager of Universal's brace of theatres in far-off London, is directing his first feature, "The Information Kid," and just when Uncle Carl Laemmle is looking for him to bring home the bacon here he is having trouble with it.

It's a tricky shot. But by the time the camera has got back to the pan the bacon is cooked too much to match up with subsequent shots, and has to be replaced, and by the time the scene has been shot five times everybody on the set—including us—is eating bacon sandwiches. While I think of it, I want to record the considered opinion that "The Information Kid" is the

best picture now in production in Hollywood. Well—maybe not absolutely the very best . . . but anyway the bacon is good.

Removing a hunk of sandwich to do so, Neumann gives orders for the next scene. Micky McGuire, the Kid himself, in two woollen sweaters, a dirty flannel shirt and an even dirtier pair of corduroy breeks, crawls through the kitchen window and starts on the pies. The director has trouble with this scene too, but the trouble is that once young Mickey has put his teeth in a pie he can't stop.

"The Information Kid" is another talkie stolen by minors. It is the story of a crooked jockey (Tom Brown) who pals up with a kid as wise to the race-track as himself and tries to make him go straight. It seems to be Mickey's picture, and I want to know when they're going to give that Irish colleen a break.

Tala Birell

SOMEHOW we find ourselves in the calm, peaceful presence of the silent Tala Birell. Maybe it was amnesia. Pardon us, Mr. Brown.

The scene is a peasant village in the Austrian Tyrol, built for "Mountains In Flame." Nothing whatever seems to be happening, but anything or nothing it is all one to the imperturbable Tala, one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood, but a girl without gaiety, or sadness, or desires, or any strong emotions except those she keeps for the screen. She is like an exquisite Sevres vase, which the producer takes down when he needs it, but which is as happy doing nothing as something.

A Viennese by birth, education and inclination, after eight months' intensive coaching under Laura Hope Crews she speaks English excellently, with only a too precise articulation to betray her foreign origin. Her china-blue eyes gaze at you unwinkingly, from under abnormally arched brows, accentuating a golden skin and chestnut-blonde hair.

She tells us that this is her American debut, that she has given up tennis because it is broadening and riding for a similar but differently located reason, that she never goes to parties, reads a great deal at home and misses Vienna. An unwonted warmth creeps into her voice as she mentions Zola's "Nana," which is to be her first starring vehicle. As a child she filched and read the book because it was forbidden, and she thought the heroine immoral. Now she thinks her lovable and unfortunate.

"It will set your type," we suggest.

"I will never be a type," she says, quietly, amiably, as one would say it will not snow. Dietrich would have spat out the denial, and Garbo would have probably said: "I go 'ome."

IT IS a short hop over the sugar-cone hills to the Radio studio and one of the strangest sights in a city which has outgrown astonishment. Lining the road opposite the studio gates, sitting on the foot-boards of parked cars, on the curb and on the ground, are sixty or seventy poorly dressed markedly Jewish types, most of the men with black or grey beards, many of them wearing rusty Derby hats. They have been sitting there all day, waiting on the off-chance of being called in to do a day's atmosphere in "Symphony Of Six Million," the tale of New York's Ghetto. None of them knows or will believe that the picture was finished some time ago.

There is something cruelly sardonic about passing from that scene to the gay, luxurious, frivolous night-club set for "State's Attorney." But that is movies. There is no heart big enough nor pocket

deep enough to take care of the Hollywood underneath.

John Barrymore and Irving Pichel

AFTER the first shock of the contrast, this set helps to wipe the memory of that company of underdogs from the mind. An Hawaiian orchestra of eight guitars and ukuleles is moaning amorously. On the stage a hula dancer is illustrating just why Douglas Fairbanks went to Tahiti and Queen Mary stayed behind. Three hundred extras in evening dress are dancing, dining and wining. Irving Pichel, gangster proprietor of the club, is leaning on the bar. John Barrymore, his attorney, is at a table with Helen Twelvetrees, who is wearing another of those triangular-fronted backless gowns.

The scene is all set for a prohibition raid, and here it comes. Now, personally, I have never been in one of those things, but nothing will persuade me that every one of those three hundred extras has not been in several. They seem to know exactly what to do. When uniformed figures appear at every entrance and an unsympathetic voice says: "Keep your places. The place is pinched," every extra on the set does nothing of the sort.

Meanwhile Irving Pichel continues to lean on the bar. A gangster can afford to be nonchalant. John Barrymore dives for the men's washroom. An attorney cannot afford to be pinched by an ordinary flat-foot. Helen Twelvetrees keeps her seat. An attorney's girl-friend can be sprung before she's juggled.

Twenty minutes by the clock it takes for the police to quell the riot and take the wreckage away, and over an hour to clear away the wreckage so that they can all go through it again. While that is going on, a short shot illustrates that an attorney caught in a washroom need only whisper to the police-captain in charge to be slipped out the back way, a free man without a stain on his visible character.

This is Barrymore's picture, the story of how an attorney, for his own amusement, defends a girl being tried on an immorality charge, secures her release and then installs her in his own home to show that justice is the slave of oratory, of how he rises through gangster clients to be the state's attorney, then sheds his shady clients and finally bares his own career to a jury in order to exonerate his Helen, facing another and this time a framed charge.

Bankhead and Bickford

ON THE Paramount lot next door there is thunder below, above and all around. Tallulah Bankhead is in action—as one might say "Vesuvius is active," or "Aetna is awake." The reverberations include a phonograph which plays all day long between every take. Our Tallulah must have her stimulus and her tenancy of Billy Haines' house is the best tribute ever paid to his cellar. The thunder includes also a deep and continuous purring, for "Thunder Below" is the best vehicle the Alabama Cloud-Burst has ever had.

A fast tempo is Tallulah's *métier*, and Richard Wallace is giving it to her. Even off-stage she talks like a runaway locomotive. "Perfectly marvellous it's a tremendous story the script was changed three times before we started and I've got Charlie Lang who photographed Ruth Chatterton in six pictures all right Dick I'm coming." She joins Richard Wallace, her smile of confidence indicates her belief that she has a great director.

The set is easily the most colorful in current production. Occupying an entire stage it consists of a seven-roomed house and garden somewhere in Central America, where Charles Bickford, her "husband,"

and Paul Lukas, his "friend," are prospecting for oil for a big U. S. company. The walled garden is a mass of brightly-colored vegetation—lichens, banana trees, hanging garlands of red and white flowers, and rich green grass. Gorgeous paraquets and love-birds complete the tropical ensemble, but if it were twice as unnatural the eye would still be held by Tallulah, swathed in silk, black jacket and white trousers and a sea-green robe, lying on a cot in the garden, with a mosquito net around her.

A property man shuts off the phonograph—playing "I'm Just A Prisoner Of Love" for the fortieth fallacious time—claps his hands at the love-birds to startle them into silence, and the scene begins when Wallace calls, according to his invariable custom: "There you go!"

"Susan!" calls Bickford from behind the garden wall. "Susan!" He comes in at a gallop, dirty, dishevelled, with no soles to his shoes nor sleeves to his shirt, short pants, torn legs and arms and several days' growth of beard. No wonder they know him in Hollywood as "Bogeyman Bickford."

"Walt! Is it you?" He tears off the mosquito net in the manner of a caveman cleaving through a bridal veil.

"Here's one way you can tell . . . well? Who is it?"

"It's you all right—a little louder, maybe—a little wilder—" He kneads her hair as if it were bread.

"You're prettier, your arms are whiter." The speech seems to suggest to him other items in the catalogue calling for immediate investigation, but Tallulah flees and as Bickford plunges after her Richard Wallace shouts: "Whoa!" He always does at the end of a scene, but to Bickford in pursuit of Tallulah it seems peculiarly appropriate.

"Hooey!" says Bogeyman Bickford, when we tax him with being temperamental. "Just because I wouldn't let Metro change my type. I'll work. I've done more work since I left them than I ever did with them, but I'll pick my own parts. And that's another thing! They call me difficult because I've got enough money from hogs and whales and gas to turn down a picture job if I don't like it. Hooey!"

Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins

IS IT his vehemence, or what, that blows us on to the set for the Bancroft production, "The World And The Flesh," which used to be better named "Red Harvest?" It is a box-car load of aristocrats, liberty-bound from blood-crazed revolutionary Russia. Alan Mowbray is there, and George E. Stone as a terrified banker, and John Deering as a one-armed officer. Men and women, they are all wearing peasant clothes over their own, and some of them are wearing their entire wardrobe on their backs, and have been in that box-car (if you believe the script) for a month.

Miriam Hopkins is wearing three step-ins, three chemises, four petticoats, two nightgowns, an evening gown, a mink wrap, and an ermine coat—all under a rough peasant dress which hides her wealth and identity. She doesn't show us but we are well bred enough to take her word for it.

Miriam is playing the role of a fashionable courtesan. All the best stars are bad lots these days. Poor Ann Harding will have to come to it.

Carole and Walter Byron

CONTRAST is half the charm of studio touring. On the next stage Walter Byron is doing a little gentlemanly seduction over a cup of coffee for the benefit of "Sinners In The Sun," which shows you what can be done by cross-breeding titles.

[Continued on page 64]

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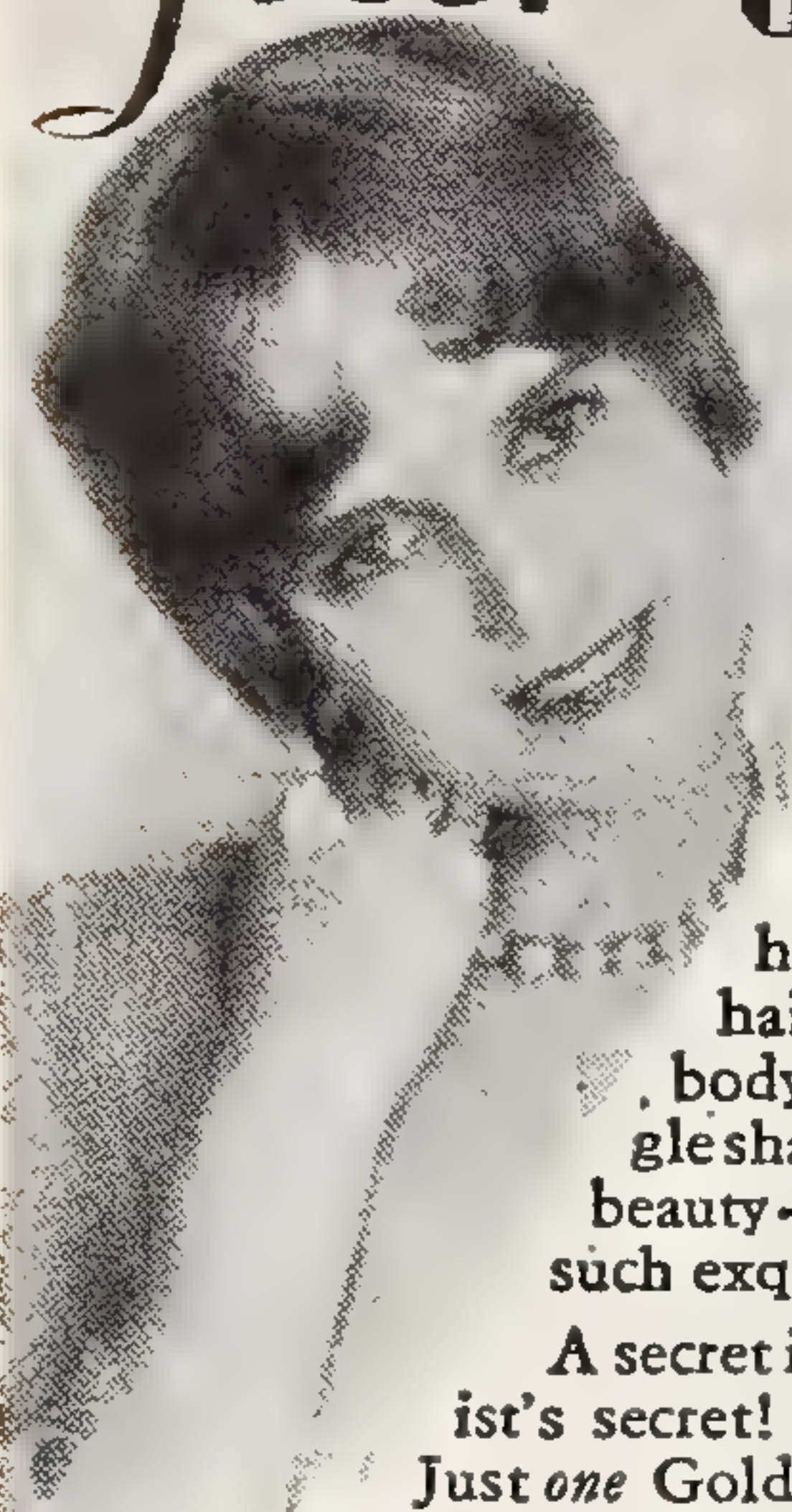
Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent. Price only 50c. To pay more is extravagance. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all druggists.

Stillman's
Freckle Cream 50¢
Removes | Whitens
Freckles | The Skin

FREE BOOKLET tells how to remove freckles.
Dept. 20 Stillman Co. Aurora, Ill.

SILVER SCREEN
for June on Sale May 8

Free! TO WOMEN ONLY...



this little secret!

Not a soul will know just what you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly no body would dream that a single shampooing could add such beauty—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

(*Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)

MAIL COUPON NOW

J. W. KOBI CO., 617 Rainier Ave., Dept. E
Seattle, Wash. ***** Please send a free sample.

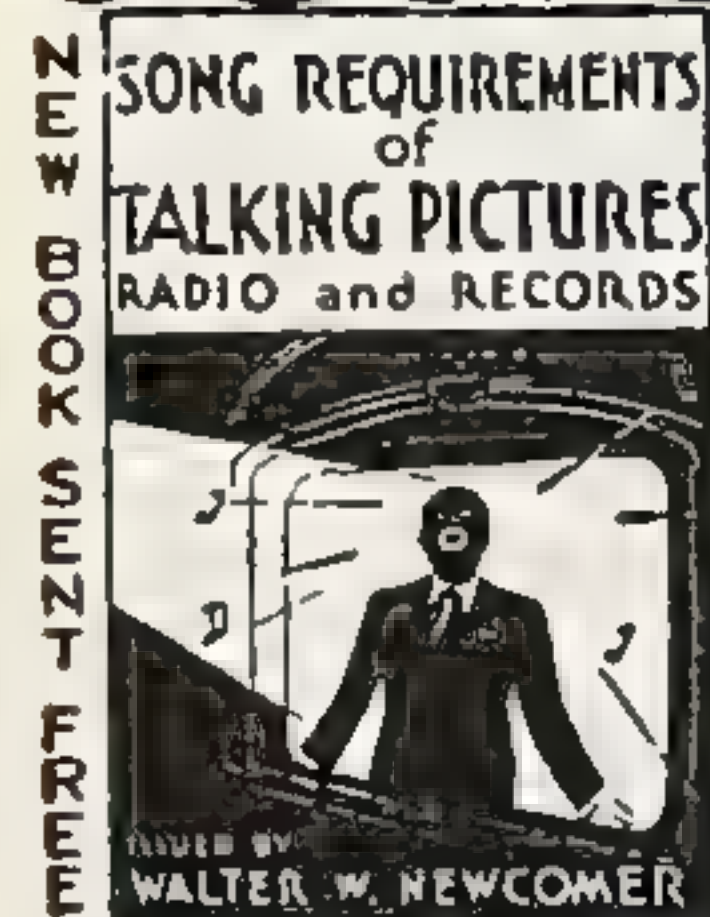
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair _____

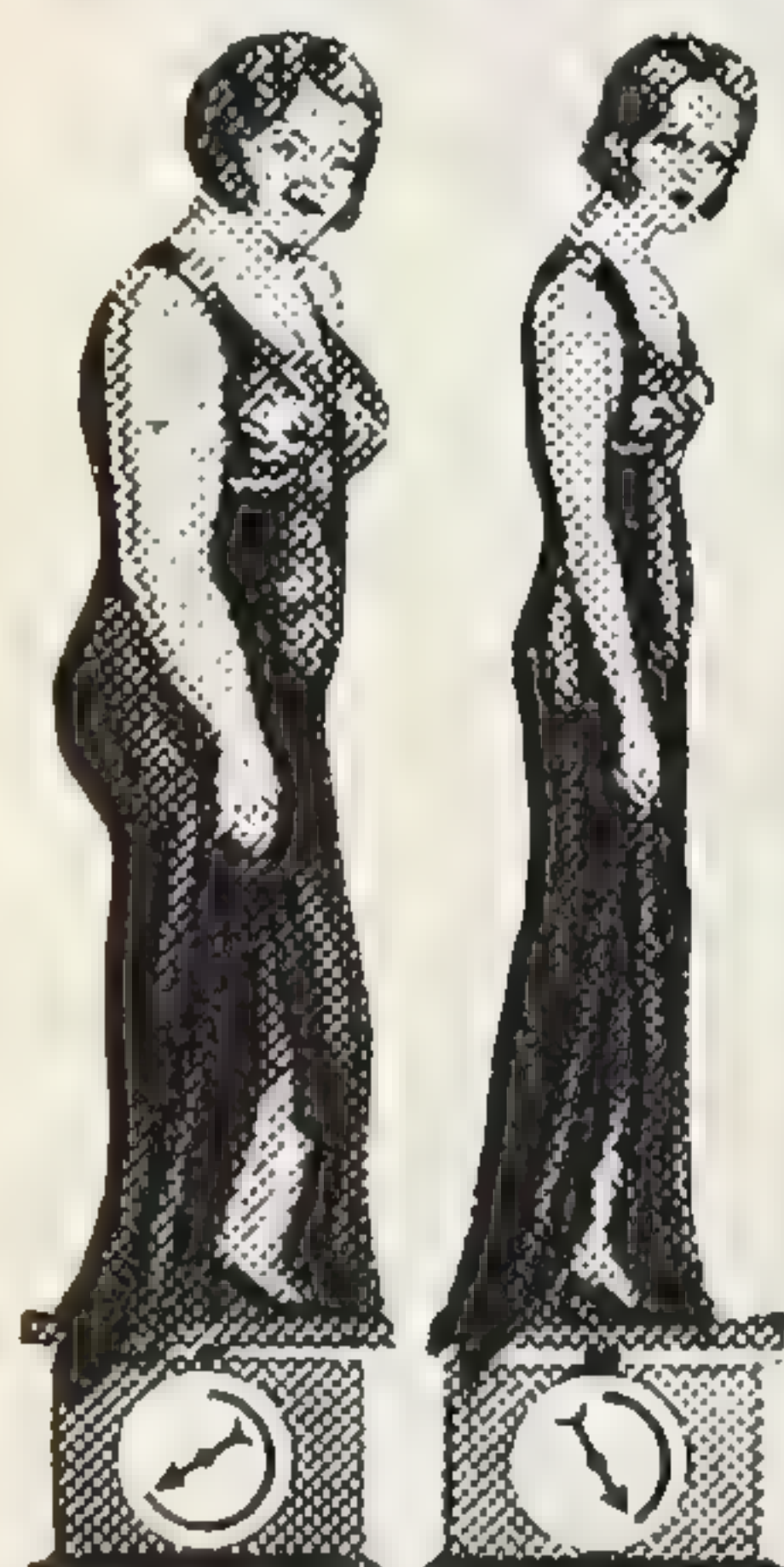
SONG WRITERS



Don't Fail To Read
"Song Requirements of Talking Pictures, Radio and Records", an explanatory instructive book, SENT FREE on request. Writers may submit song-poems for free examination and advice. Past experience unnecessary. We revise, compose and arrange music and secure Copyrights. Our modern method guarantees approval. Write Today. S. L. Newcomer Association 1674 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
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REMOVE FAT This SURE WAY

From Any Part You Wish Reduced. A New And Safe Way. No Exercise, Baths, Diets, Medicines or Special Equipment Necessary. Guaranteed to Satisfy

Thin-O-Creme

a secret product rigidly tested has slendertized thousands of over-stout people who failed through other means. THIN-O-CREME has proven to quickly remove excess fat from double chin, arms, abdomen, bust, hips, legs or any part of the body. THIN-O-CREME, a product of modern science, a cream-like white

preparation that is simply rubbed into any fat part you wish reduced. Soon as applied its magic-like reducing action begins and excess fat gradually disappears.

SPECIAL OFFER LARGE JAR AT SPECIAL PRICE OF \$1.95

THIN-O-CREME CO., Dept. E-9, 395 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Please send postpaid in plain wrapper, large jar of THIN-O-CREME with directions. I agree to pay postman \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. My money to be refunded if I am not pleased.

Name _____

Address _____

Paramount used to have two unusable titles, "Dancers In The Sun" and "Sinners In The Dark"—and now look at them.

Walter's objective is none other than Carole Lombard, and by heavens!—is she?—yes! she is; she's wearing another of those gowns with too much front and not enough back. This time, so I am told by a girl-friend contracted on the set, it is of plover's-egg-blue georgette and appliqué silver. Fancy that.

Walter's line is a good one and non-copyright. He asks the girl to feel his pulse and then imprisons her hand in his. When she demands to know where he keeps his pulse he answers that he is all pulse when she is around. Neat, no? Carole only fails to fall for it because it is too early in the story. Whatever happens, it should be advertised as "pulsing."

Wynne Gibson

A STONE'S throw away—if you can still throw a stone—Russell Gleason and Frances Dee are celebrating their "engagement" with a dance, and off-stage Wynne Gibson (she plays the title-role "Clara Deane" and it is her picture) is getting ready to shoot husband Pat O'Brien for trying to blackmail Frances with the story that her real mother, (to wit, Wynne, in person), is an ex-convict. Wynne appears at the ages of 20, 24 and 40, and her make-up as a prematurely aged woman is miraculous.

Amongst the bit-players is Florence Britton, the girl who played Juliet to Gleason's Romeo (with scrawny knees) at the Oakland Grammar School when they were ten and eleven, and the girl who moreover defied the fierce Sam Goldwyn and threw his contract back at him for not keeping her working. As Florence is the daughter of the head man of the 'Frisco gas and light company she does not have to keep the home fires burning, so Sam's money was no object.

To me, that queerly, heterogeneously populated set epitomises Hollywood and I'm content to let it go at that. Skipper! take the ship home yourself. I'm going to get the Girl Friend, go to the Coconut Grove and forget it.

On Location

CAN ANYBODY in Hollywood forget pictures? Not this young feller, anyway. At the Grove, bright whoopee spot of the best people, we are being turned away because the place has been taken over en bloc by a movie company, when a red-headed guy in a green hat, who talks out of the side of his mouth, shouts: "You there! whatye doing off the set? C'mon in and get busy." He means us, so in we go, and—believe it or not Uncle Carl—in two minutes we are dancing and dining at the expense of Universal, and a whole lot happier than the rest of the company who have been working there in the same clothes for 18 hours flat.

They are shooting scenes for "The Cohens and Kellys In Hollywood." Charlie Murray, Esther Howard (the new Mrs. Kelly), June Clyde, Edwin Maxwell, Louis Alberni and John Roach are at one table, George Sidney and Emma Dunn (the new Mrs. Cohen) at another. The radio announcer draws attention to Tom Mix, Sidney Fox, Genevieve Tobin and Boris Karloff, typical guests of the Grove, at other tables. (Trust Uncle Carl to make them all Universal's stars).

Oh well! let's make a night of it, breakfast at the Brown Derby and watch Wallace Beery swallowing fried eggs whole.

And so—heigh-ho-o-o!—to bed.

Well . . . I'll be seeing you.

(Next month the skipper will look over the Warner-First National lot where a new group of pictures is starting.)



\$3.50

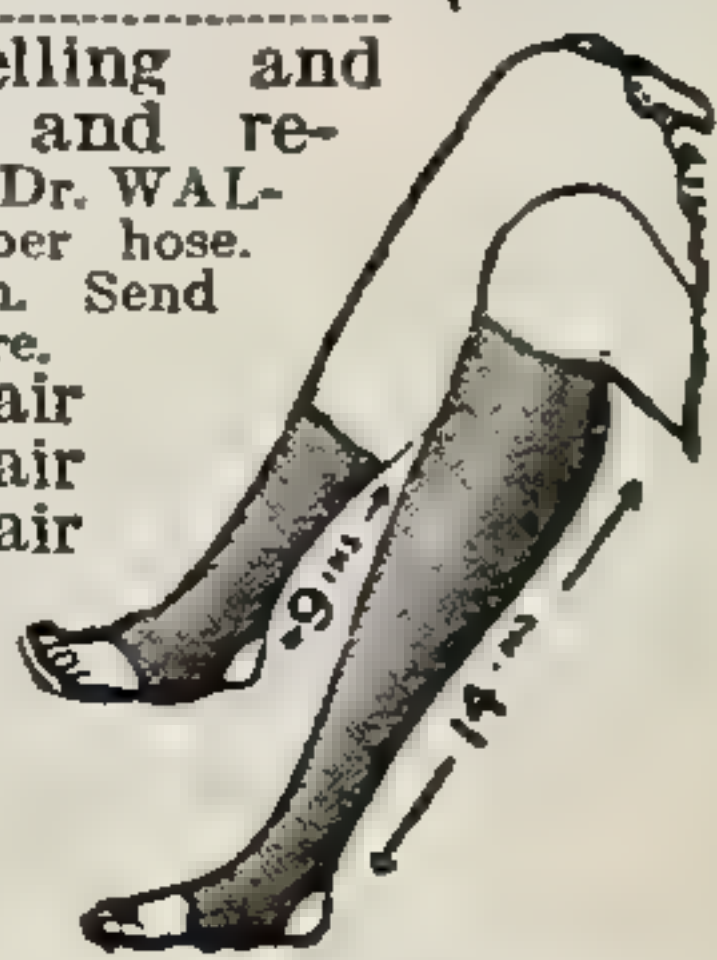
All garments are made of pure gum rubber—flesh colored. Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.

Dr. Jeanne S. M. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

DR. WALTER'S

latest REDUCING BRASSIERE gives you that trim, youthful figure that the new styles demand. 2 to 3 inch reduction almost immediately. Send bust measure. **\$2.25**
Price only
HIP, WAIST and ABDOMINAL REDUCER for men and women; takes care of that ugly roll above corset. Send waist and abdominal measures. Laced at back. **\$3.50**
Price only

RELIEVE swelling and varicose veins and reduce your limbs with Dr. WALTER'S famous rubber hose. Worn next to the skin. Send ankle and calf measure.
9-inch. **\$5.00** pair
14-inch. **\$6.75** pair
11-inch. **\$3.75** pair (not covering foot)



Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

ASTROLOGY 10-YEAR READING \$1

Your good and adverse periods to 1942. Ten year forecast Reading indicating favorable and unfavorable periods to court, marry, speculate, invest, travel, change, expand business, obtain promotion, increase income, employment. Forecast prepared by expert and arranged in decanates for greater accuracy. Based on recognized scientific Astrology. With this Forecast you may plan your affairs with precision, greater assurance of success and happiness. Send birthdate and \$1.00 today. SPECIAL 1932 MONTHLY PSYCHOLOGY READING & "LUCKY DAY" CHART FREE.

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by an Easy Simple Method successful 29 years. A Direct SAFE way to have an alluring figure. Develops Bosom, Neck, Arms, Legs—ANY part of your body. No medicine, no grease, no fuss or muss, nothing to soil clothing or bedding, nothing to WIPE OFF. Send 10c for valuable information on obtaining a Beautiful Rounded Figure by this Simple Home Method and Large Four Dram Box of my

PEERLESS WONDER CREAM

the Original All-in-one Cream which is an important part of my system. Every

case has my personal attention. Wrap dime and send it NOW. Why pay 50c or more when you can have as much of my Wonder Cream for 10c. My Guarantee—money back if you say so.

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MAKE \$10,000

A year raising Rex rabbits for us. We pay up to \$12.00 each for all you raise. Send 25c for full information and contract, everything explained. Send at once and find out about this big proposition we have to offer you.

THE EASTERN RABBITRY

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DEAFNESS IS MISERY



Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



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DEPILATORY CREAM

Perfumed—White—Quick—Safe. Just spread it on and rinse off. All Stores. Giant Tube 50c. Send 10c for trial tube to Mme. Berthe, Dept. 5-K, 562-5 Av. N.Y.

ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT only \$1

Permanently Destroys Hair

Last Call! Offer to be withdrawn!



10 Exquisite Toiletries

that would cost you at least \$8.50 if bought separately

The famous Milaire Treatment and Make-up Package which has amazed and delighted hundreds of thousands of women in recent months is about to be withdrawn from the market.

This is the last time this offer will be made in the columns of this magazine. In order to get these ten store-size Milaire beauty preparations for 99 cents and postage, you must clip the coupon immediately, fill it in properly, and mail it to us without delay.

Remember! These are not sample-size packages. They are all full-size packages—exactly the same size and exactly the same fine quality as you would expect to find in your favorite store at the suggested retail prices listed in this advertisement. But instead of paying \$8.50 as you would if you bought each item separately, you get all ten of these exquisite preparations for only 99 cents and postage, provided you fill in and mail the coupon before this offer expires.

Let us remind you that hundreds of thousands of these Milaire Treatment and Make-up Packages have been sold in the last year . . . and that women from all over America have voluntarily written us, expressing their amazement and delight at the truly remarkable bargain this Treatment and Make-up Package represents.

All This for 99 cents plus postage

\$1.00 Box Milaire Complexion Powder—Evening Shade. An exquisite powder, delightfully perfumed and exceedingly adhesive.

\$1.00 Box Milaire Complexion Powder—Special Blend—Daylight Shade. This Special Blend

has been prepared especially for daytime use. It is delicately perfumed and exceedingly adhesive.

\$1.00 Jar Milaire Cleansing Cream—a beautiful, snowy white cream which literally melts into the skin, cleansing every pore of dirt and foreign matter, keeping the skin soft, firm and youthful. Daintily perfumed with Jasmine odor.

\$1.00 Jar Milaire Waterproof Creme Rouge—a special blending of colors that harmonizes with any complexion. It is very adhesive, not affected by moisture and very economical. Comes in an attractive package convenient for your purse.

\$1.00 Milaire Skin Tonic and Freshener—In addition to its tonic effect, this splendid preparation is a mild astringent, which reduces the size of enlarged pores, refines, refreshes the skin. Essential when cleansing face and neck with cleansing cream.

75c Milaire Frost Balm—Lavender. This Milaire preparation will soften, bleach and beautify your hands as nothing else can. It is splendid for rough or chapped hands or face. You will be particularly impressed by its heavy, creamy consistency. Note great improvement after second application.

75c Bottle Milaire Brilliantine. In reality this is more than a Brilliantine. It is actually a permanent wave oil. You can use it freely after getting your permanent wave. It will help to keep your wave in longer and add loveliness to your hair. You should always use a little after shampooing the hair, as it imparts a beautiful lustre to the hair, gives it life and elasticity and prevents it from becoming brittle. Perfumed with Jasmine odor.

75c Milaire Coconut Oil Shampoo—a great cleanser which leaves the hair and scalp free from excess oil and dandruff. Free from any superfluous alkalis—neutral and harmless to the hair.

75c Bottle Milaire Bath Crystals—make your bath a real delight because they stimulate the skin and impart a delightful odor to the body and room. You will be charmed by the beauty of this package and the refreshing Geranium leaf odor.

50c Bottle Milaire Liquid Nail Enamel—Imparts a beautiful, transparent, waterproof finish to the nails. Contains just enough rose coloring to give the nails that beautiful blush tint they should have. One application lasts a week or 10 days. Will not crack or peel.

All 10 in the Treatment and Make-up Package for a limited time only for the Coupon and

99¢
plus postage

**Send No Money
Merely Mail Coupon**

Coupon

For One Milaire Make-up Set

MILAIRE COMPANY,
1044 Irma Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Send me one Milaire Treatment and Make-up Package, containing the 10 regular store-size Milaire Beauty Preparations, as described in this advertisement. I will pay the postman only 99 cents plus postage upon delivery.

Name

Street

City

State

Silver Screen—May, 1932

The Fugal Fling

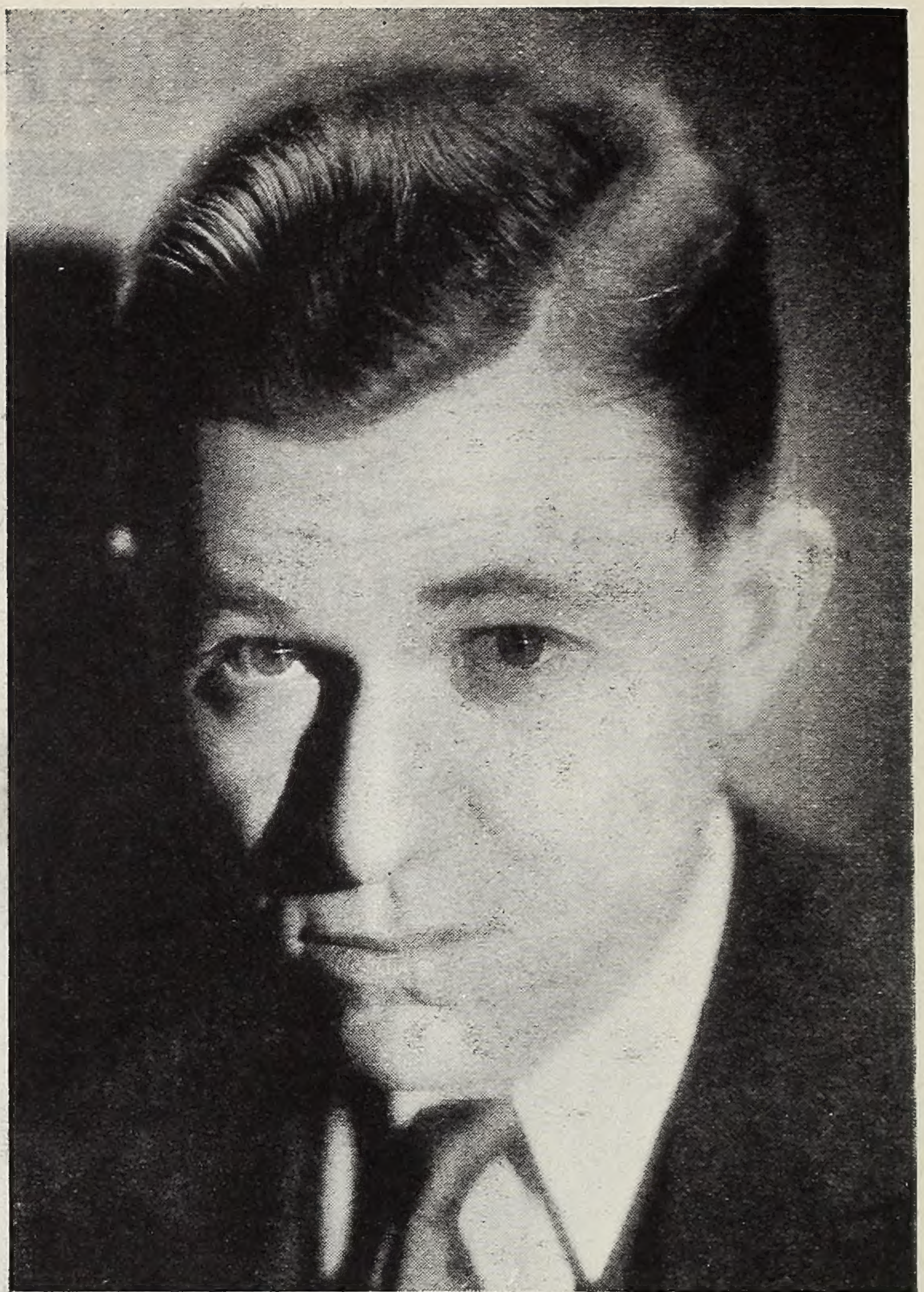
THE EAR we have to the ground has heard the thrilling sound of John Gilbert's footsteps returning from oblivion. When John's rather dazed and stumbling steps were growing fainter and fainter over the hill of the movie world, we shook our heads in despair. We remembered the boy of "The Big Parade" (the most successful film ever made) and we recalled the dashing young man of "The Flesh and the Devil," and mourned that the public should be so cruel to one who has served it well.

He was the martyr to the first poor apparatus of sound. When we talked with him at the time of his greatest fame, he referred to a piece we had written. "You called me 'impish,'" he said, smiling. And he was. Now he has written his own play. If he fails, John wants to take all the blame.

We recommend that he learn from his erstwhile sweetheart, Garbo, the value of silence and shun personal publicity. Let the play do the talking. His brilliant talents have been obscured by "kiss and tell" rumors. And now that Jack has lost his smile of confidence perhaps the public will like him again, for, it seems to prefer gravity in heroes, we have discovered, and we are no Sir Isaac Newton.

OVER at Mr. Zukor's house they have Fredric March's great picture this week—great from the standpoint of inspiration, and we suggest that you go get your share. The title is "Strangers in Love," but don't let that deter you. You will see Stuart Erwin, dumb as usual, and at first you will grin and say "That's Stu." As the play goes on you will like him more and more and his great performance will be the one that you bring away in your memory.

Isn't that great?



Without trick pants or funny get-up Stuart Erwin succeeds in being a screen figure irresistibly comic

Success is still something people can have.

EVERYONE enjoys listening to perfectly spoken words. Seeing and hearing the speaker at the same time affords a thrill for picture patrons which the radio cannot supply. In "Polly of the Circus," Marion Davies, in perfect English, which is neither distorted by accent nor dressed up with Harvard "A's," repeats the glorious words of Ruth: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:"

It is the high spot in the picture. Foreign players fear long speeches. Here is a new chance for our own stars. Is it too late to put such a speech into "The Miracle Man"?

The Editor

if you really knew about **PRINCESS PAT** powder you'd surely try it //

here we shall try to give
the facts—read carefully

In the first place, Princess Pat is the only face powder that contains almond. Your accustomed powders likely have a base of starch. This change of the base in Princess Pat makes a completely different powder. Almond makes a more clinging powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So point one in favor of Princess Pat is that it stays on longer. Every woman will appreciate this advantage.

Almond makes Princess Pat a *softer* powder than can be made with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application.

So *point two* in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the peculiarly soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere.

A deciding factor in choosing powder is perfume. Will you like Princess Pat—an original fragrance? Yes. For it steals upon the senses subtly, elusively. Its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of finer things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume.

So *point three* in favor of Princess Pat is perfume of such universal charm that *every* woman is enraptured.

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which *should* make every woman choose Princess Pat as her *only* powder.

For Princess Pat powder is *good* for the skin. Not merely harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the almond in Princess Pat is to be credited—the almond

found in *no other* face powder. You know how confidently you depend upon almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and *naturally* lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat face powder has the *selfsame* properties. Fancy that! Instead of drying out your skin when you powder, you actually improve it. Constant use of Princess Pat powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture.

Princess Pat has been called "the powder your skin loves to feel." It is a most apt description; for the soft, velvety texture of Princess Pat is delightful—and *different*. And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it.



"Princess Pat powder for me," this photograph of Dorothy Mackaill plainly says. And Miss Mackaill, beloved star of the silver screen, makes her selection from experience.

PRINCESS PAT

LONDON CHICAGO

Princess Pat Ice Astringent acts like ice to close and refine the pores. It is ideal as the powder base—cool, pleasant, refreshing as ice. Prevents and corrects coarse pores. Liquid or cream. Always use before powder.



get this Week End Set —SPECIAL

The popular Week End Set for this coupon and 25c (coin). Contains Princess Pat Rouge, Lip Rouge, Powder and three creams in liberal, attractive sizes. Also new booklet of valuable beauty secrets.

PRINCESS PAT, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago
Dept. A-2055. Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print).....

Street.....

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"I've switched to CAMELS because they're FRESH"

ONCE a woman smoker has been introduced to Camels it's a case of love at first light. The first cool, mild fragrant puff of smoke from this fresh cigarette is sufficient to win her to Camels' ever-growing ranks of friends.

Maybe it's because her throat is more sensitive than a man's that she's so quick to grasp the difference between the mildness of this air-sealed cigarette and the stinging bite of parched or toasted tobaccos.

Blended from choice Turkish and mild, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos, Camels are made with just the right amount of natural moisture and kept that way until delivered to the smoker by the Camel Humidor Pack.

These cigarettes are never parched or toasted. The Reynolds method of scientifically applying heat guarantees against that.

If you haven't smoked Camels lately, perhaps you've been missing something. Why not switch over for just one day? After you've known their rare, throat-easy mildness, then leave them—if you can.

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"Are you Listenin'?"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY'S
COAST-TO-COAST RADIO PROGRAMS

Camel Quarter Hour

Columbia Broadcasting System

Prince Albert Quarter Hour

National Broadcasting Company Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time



Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack can be depended upon to deliver fresh Camels every time.

*Camel
Humidor
Pack*



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CAMELS

Made FRESH—Kept FRESH

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